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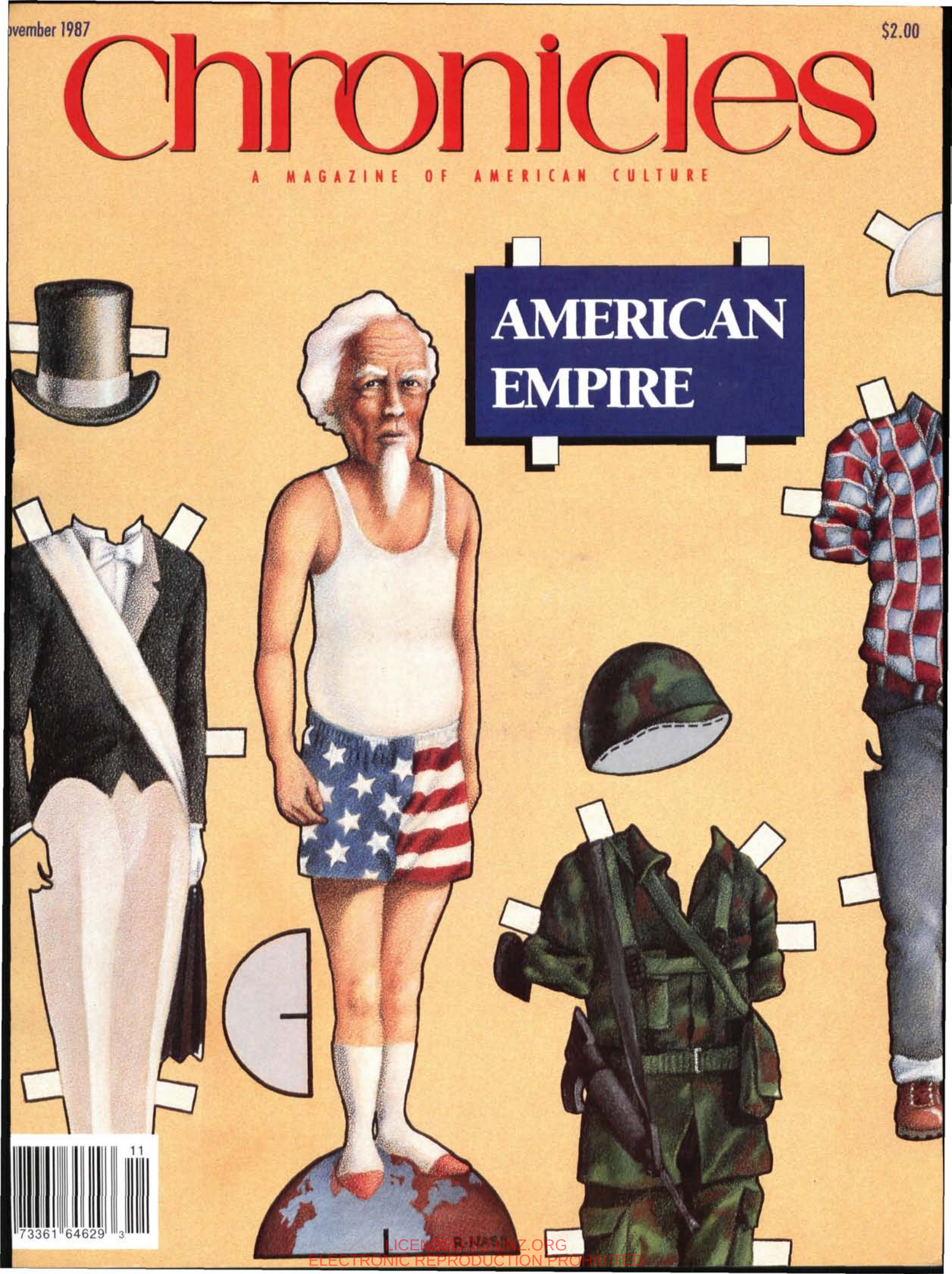

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Chronicles
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On the Cover

Illustration on the cover by Rickard Nass. Illustrations throughout the text by Daniel Sweetman.

Errata

In the essay "A Soviet Psychosis?" (September 1987, pp. 18-22) by Arnold Beichman, the sentence that read "Overnight, in September 1932, Stalin first altered the image of Hitler . . . " should have been "Overnight, in September 1939 . . . " The sentence "In 1938, the Marquis de Custine described a tragic accident in the Gulf of Finland . . . " should have been "In 1839 . . . "

In the review "Marilyn and Gloria" (September 1987, pp. 33-35) by Janet Scott Barlow, the title of the book should have been *Marilyn: Norma Jeane*.

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Convicted traitor Clayton Lonetree wept as he described his upbringing on an Indian reservation orphanage and with his father, a brutal alcoholic. The Marine Corps was, he said, a way out of his misery, although his principal reasons for joining were patriotic. The military jury, unmoved by his arguments and those of his celebrity lawyer William Kunstler, sentenced Lonetree to 30 years. Why they didn't make it life—and why they couldn't make it death—is one of those mysteries which, if you had the answer to it, would go a long way toward explaining what is wrong with our country.

Lonetree's version of the events—true love with a Russian girl and a heroic plan to trap a KGB agent—was never taken seriously. He had to be stupid to make up such a tale, but then his predicament was itself a sign of imbecility. Retaining Bill "Chicago 7" Kunstler as counsel in a treason case was only the last straw. The Lonetree case is still more interesting than other recent spy stories. It is a kind of parable of American history. As the American republic swelled into a continental empire, the only resistance it met came from the impoverished savages on the plains. The Indian wars are the heroic period of America. If we treated them with brutality and indifference, they paid us back in full with rape, torture, murder, and perfidy. To excuse their acts of habitual brutality on the grounds of cultural differences is really to indict an entire race. For nearly a hundred years, we celebrated the frontiersmen and soldiers who fought in the Indian wars as heroes. It was a standing joke in Hollywood that the Indians always lose—although they did in fact lose everything—and the most important white loser, George Armstrong Custer, was treated as a heroic martyr.

It is a pardonable mistake to celebrate the virtues of a defeated enemy, but the role-reversal of cowboys and Indians is a sign of a very deep sickness in American cultural life. Now it is the Indians who always win—or deserve to. The difference between a film like *They Died With Their Boots On* and *Little Big Man* is the difference between two Americas; and the decline from Custer the white knight to Custer the degraded moron represents a vast change in our attitudes toward our own manhood and leadership. In the same transmutation, the Indians went from savages to saints, the masters of a secret wisdom that was in harmony with nature. Castaneda's Don Juan initiated American students into a sci-fi world of shamans and demons, while Chief Dan George (the real star of *Little Big Man*) provided an Indian folk wisdom somewhere between Will Rogers and Myron Cohen. (I suspect the real Dan George is more like the engaging loser he portrayed in *The Outlaw Josey Wales*.)

After all is said that can be said against them, the Indians of the plains were brave and able opponents and deserved honorable treatment—either freedom or death. Instead, we instituted an experimental welfare state in the form of reservations and gave them neither incentives nor opportunities to escape from bondage. Anyone could have predicted the results: a culture of dependency in which men without honor neglect their families, get drunk, and waste their lives tomcatting. The "conservative" response has usually been, "Get a job, make something of your life." Some do, and it is to their credit that they have escaped. But many more do not. Like most of us, the failures lead lives bound by the community norms in which they grew up. Such a man is Clayton Lonetree.

The strange part of Lonetree's story is not his background but his treason. Prosecutors tried to establish a motive of Indian resentment against the white man's country that had enslaved his people. While there are such Indians, especially among the young smart alecks who have listened to some community college teacher as he recites the record of their sufferings, more often Indians have proved to be unusually loyal Americans. They also make good soldiers—as if they still dimly remembered that courage in battle is a primary requirement of manhood. If you go to an Ojibwa powwow, as I did several years ago, the one thing that stands out is the patriotism of the men. In the midst of the phony Indian art (made by Navaho a thousand miles away), the foul smells of frying venison and human waste, the men are introduced on the dancing ground. One after another is announced, giving his rank, his branch of service, his regiment, his decorations, and always the main fact: *combat veteran*. In addition to their tribal ensigns, the men carry American flags and stand proud, basking in their deserved honor as combat veterans. I have never seen such sentimental pride in the American military as I have witnessed among Indian veterans.

Lonetree has done more than betray his country and his uniform; he has also betrayed his people, whose poverty, misery, and dependence should stand as a stern reminder of the fruits of all empire. The red men were our first conquest, and the hypocrisy we have lavished upon the very real problem they present (both for themselves and for the nation) is a good indication that we are not yet ready to play in the major leagues of international politics. (TF)

The children are back in school now, and it is almost time to face the ordeal of the first parents' conference with the teacher. If you're lucky, Miss Muggs is smarter than the students and seriously concerned about their progress. If there are any problems, though, you

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may be in for trouble.

The first signal may not come until report cards arrive. Little Johnny, it turns out, gets a C– in reading. Since Johnny is reading four years above grade level on all the tests, you wonder what is going on and arrange for a meeting with Miss Muggs. Rather nervously, she says she's glad you've come, because she can't do a thing with the boy. (You wonder at this point why she hasn't said anything for six weeks.) She admits that Johnny is the best reader in the class, maybe the best she's ever had, but he doesn't do his workbook pages well, has sloppy handwriting, and does not use a #2 pencil. Worse, he's always fiddling and distracted; he seems bored with the work.

At this point you mention that the work he has brought home does not seem very challenging, and she explains that because of his workbook performance, he has been put into the lowest reading group, where most of the children are seriously below grade level. Rather than put him up to his level of ability, Miss Muggs recommends counseling and a visit to a pediatric neurologist. Attention Deficiency Disorder, she calls it.

After several expensive visits to the neurologist, it turns out that Johnny may have a minor problem, and, come to think of it, your teachers always described you as inattentive at that age. The remedy? A disciplined environment and lots of intellectual stimulation. Challenge his mind, you are told.

Miss Muggs is unimpressed and is insistent upon keeping him in the bluebird (or the shoes or the basement) reading group. By now you have discussed your problem with other parents and discovered that many children—all boys—have the same problem in Miss Muggs's class and that last year enough parents got so upset over this sort of thing that they went to the principal.

And so with fear and trembling you take your problem to the administration. Six months later, after dozens of unreturned telephone calls and unanswered letters, fruitless meetings at which the parents are told to mind their own business and let the professionals run the schools, you begin to get the picture. Johnny's grades have got worse, and even the other children think the teacher is picking on him (and on the other boys whose parents are upset); your name is mud with everyone from the janitor to the superintendent, and now the school is recommending (i.e. requiring) Johnny to repeat the grade and spend another year with Miss Muggs. This, despite the fact that the achievement tests show work well above the national, state, and school average. "He's just not emotionally ready for fourth grade." You sigh, and if you can afford it, you put Johnny in a private school. If you can't, you do your best to repair the damage by teaching him at home.

This little drama is played out every year in school districts across the nation. One journalist who interviewed hundreds of parents discovered a general feeling of being shut out of the educational process. This is not just a political question of who should be in charge of education—people or bureaucrats. As Education Secretary William Bennett has stressed in several reports, one of the characteristics of good schools is their openness to parents. The more influence parents have over sensitive areas of curriculum and over important decisions affecting their children, the better the school is likely to be.

Unfortunately, the history of public schooling is a record of consolidation and centralization. Where once there were small districts, large school boards, and frequent meetings open to the public, there are now enormous districts, small boards, and little public access. Parents have few opportunities to express their opinions, much less to influence decisions. The rationale for all this centralization was simple: Local politics (i.e. democracy) would interfere in the massive effort to reform and professionalize education. Let the people with the education school degrees handle the schools, so the argument went; they know what they're doing.

If centralization had resulted in excellent schools, the petty tyranny of school boards and administrators might be tolerable. However, the dismal record of the past 20 years should have convinced even the die-hard professionals that the system was not working. What is more, politics has not been driven out of education. Far from it. Recent studies reveal a consistent bias in textbooks and curriculum. The schools are militantly antireligious and uniformly left of center on social and political issues.

The underlying assumption of consolidation was that parents could not be trusted to look after their children's best interests—that we were either too stupid or didn't care. Now, the shoe is on the other foot, and it seems apparent that our children's education is too important to be entrusted to the professionals. (TF)

The Bork Confirmation Hearings answered, once and for all, the age-old question: "Why are there so few good men in public life." What a scene: reptile-faced politicians putting insolent questions to a distinguished jurist, whose every word and gesture in a long career are subjected to the most minute, hostile scrutiny, Judge Bork backpedaling furiously in a heroic effort to disclaim every honest and courageous position he has ever taken.

The opposition case was best expressed by former Transportation Secretary William Coleman, who complained that on constitutional questions Bork "always comes out the wrong way," i.e., against the vested interests of feminists, homosexuals, and professional minority activists. The high point in comic relief, however, came in the testimony given by the creative community. Artist Robert Rauschenburg solemnly declared that "democracy is not the product of law. Democracy is the need of the people to be free in dreams and reality." There's another constitutional right Bork hasn't heard of—the right to uncensored dreams. Rising to heights of eloquence not ordinarily heard in the Senate, the artist expressed the art world's fears of Bork: "Young, old, rich, and hopeful are united by repulsion that a nouveau changeling by his tongue and his unproven change of ideology might entrap decades of innocences." A hundred dollars to anyone who can translate that into English.

The eloquent artist was succeeded by the equally eloquent writer Mr. William Styron. Speaking for Pen America's 2,000 writers (and voters), Styron affirmed the desire of writers "To write as we wish to express ourselves in prose and poetry on whatever

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subject and in whatever way we choose free of every sort of governmental restraint." The members have reason to worry. Since so much of their livelihood comes from government grants, who knows what might happen if a literate man entered any branch of the government? Even the directors of the American Booksellers Association have joined the side show by voting 19-0 against Bork.

The performance of Kennedy, Biden, and Metzenbaum was particularly stellar. Here were men whose personal conduct would bar them from any decent home in America, but they never missed the chance of leaping to the moral high ground. In my dreams, the hearings went like this:

Senator Thurmond: Judge Boik, have you evah cheated in law school?

Bork: No, Senator, I have not.

Thurmond: Well, then, did you ever get a friend to take an exam for you or receive hundreds of thousands of dollars to "arrange" a suspicious business deal?

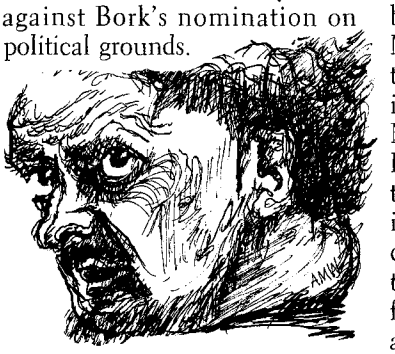
Bork: No, Senator.

Thurmond: Judge, have you ever committed plagiarism, committed adultery, or driven a car off a bridge and watched as your ladyfriend drowned in a few feet of water?

In the mounting scuffle, Senators Kennedy, Biden, and Metzenbaum are tarred, feathered, and run out of Washington on a rail. Around their necks hang signs saying "The Duke and the Dauphin" and "Sic Semper Tyrannis."

Unfortunately, there is no reason to suspect that these publicly acknowledged scofflaws are in any way exceptional members of Congress. The alacrity with which Republican colleagues leaped to the defense of Senator Biden's character can only raise the gravest doubts over the probity of the entire body.

Bork deserves our respect and gratitude, if only because he once fired Archibald Cox—as smug an enemy of the Constitution as ever taught in law school. A firmer conservative would have stood his ground against the scoundrels and the zanies. Judge Bork is neither unintelligent nor unprincipled. He is only ambitious. To reach the pinnacle to which he has aspired for so many years, he must eat crow on his hands and knees. Some conservatives are saying that Bork has only made *strategic* retreats. Once on the bench, he would be there for life, and short of an impeachment, there would be nothing his enemies could do. There is enough merit in this argument, obviously, to convince Senator Packwood—a self-styled Catholic who advocates abortion rights, a Republican who routinely opposes the administration. In any event, the socialist wing of the Democratic Party must vote against Bork's nomination on good political grounds.



Biden and Kennedy, still, know what they are doing. All appearances to the contrary, they are not entirely stupid. They realize that if a nominee can be made to grovel, he will never live long enough to regrow his backbone to its original stiffness. Even Supreme Court justices worry about the history books, which means—in effect—they believe what they read in the *New York Times*. Even if Robert Bork should survive his ordeal, he will have so abased himself that he would present no threat to the ruling establishment. And that, if you did not know already, is what the process is all about. (TF)

The United Methodist Church is hardly a hotbed of Christian orthodoxy in recent years, and it came as a mild surpise when Bishop George Bashore of New Hampshire, presiding over a jury in Dover, announced that the Rev. Rose Mary Denman had violated the church's rule that excludes practicing homosexuals from the ministry. The Rev. Ms. Denman had asked the church to "look beyond the law and see what is right." The jury did its very best and handed out the mildest possible sentence: a suspension. Since Denman was already on leave, it was the limpest of slaps upon the wrist, but even that proved to be an insufferable affront. Denman recently announced that nothing the Methodists do can touch her: She's gone Unitarian. Denman is used to such changes, of course—she used to be Roman Catholic.

Some Christians would respond: Methodist, Unitarian—what's the difference? But there is an issue at stake. Methodist clergypersons are at least nominal Christians, which means they accept the divinity of Jesus Christ and the doctrine of the trinity taught by John Wesley. How many United Methodist clergymen really are Christians is a matter it would not pay to investigate too closely. Of course, the Methodists are in good company. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Lutherans have as little cause for rejoicing in their shepherds. One Anglican clergyman of our acquaintance said that at his ordination, the Bishop refused to ask him (or any candidate) about his faith and conviction—for fear of getting an honest answer.

It is hard not to sympathize with poor Ms. Denman. Years ago, the churches insisted that women couldn't be ordained, because that would violate the clear meaning of the Scriptures. Well, the Methodists and Episcopalians have been ordaining women right and left and forcing them down the throats of unwilling congregations in rural areas. They used to regard homosexuality as an abomination; now it is just an unpleasant condition—something like "unsightly fat." It just doesn't seem to go with a funny collar. How long can it be before sexual deviance will be regarded as a positive blessing? Once upon a time even Unitarians would have rejected Sister Rose Mary. At the rate they are progressing, the United Methodists are only a decade or so behind, Christologically speaking. In a few years, the main-line churches may be joining the Unitarians in singing their beautiful doxology:

> From all that dwell beneath the skies
> Let faith and hope and love arise.
> Let beauty, truth, and good be sung
> In every land by every tongue.
> Amen.

It's like saying amen after "Ode on a Grecian Urn." (TF)

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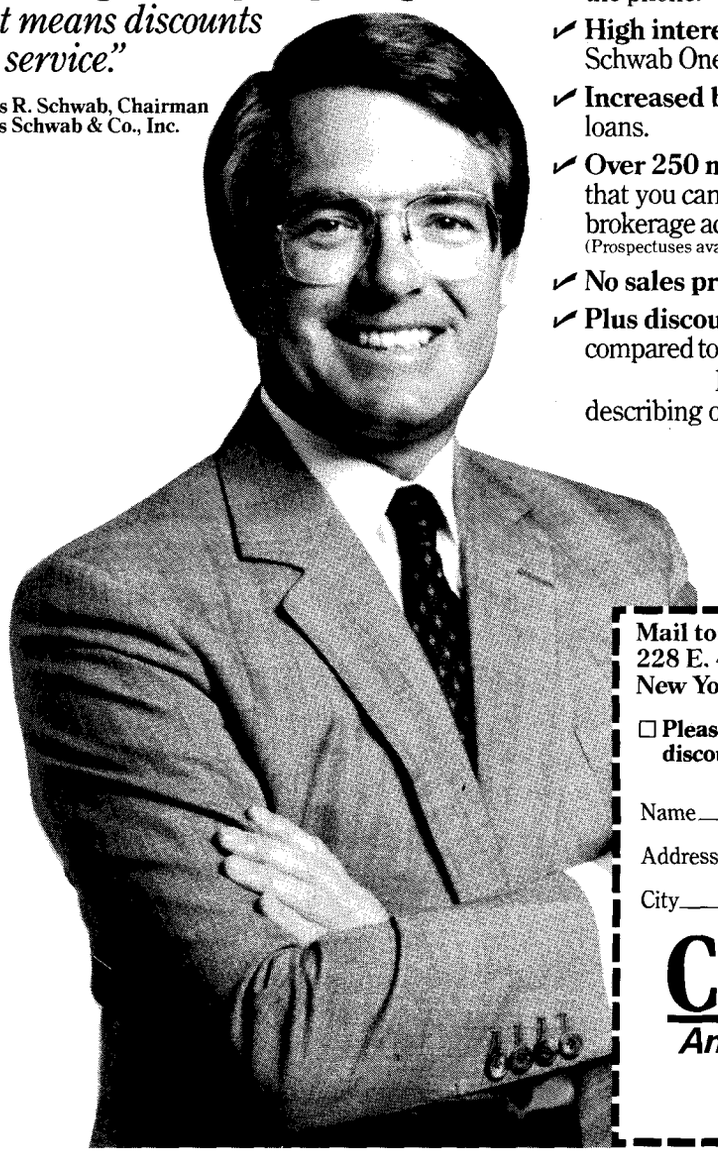

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ON MIGHT *by Momcilo Selic*

"I chant the new empire . . . "

—Walt Whitman

Walt Whitman sang what he saw—in 1860, he gave a name to Madison's and Jefferson's vision of the new commonwealth. "[Our success]," Jefferson had said in 1801, "furnishes a new proof of the falsehood of Montesquieu's doctrine, that a republic can be preserved only in a small territory. The reverse is the truth." Despite Jefferson's belief, however, the American Experiment will probably be remembered as the only reluctant empire in history: no Homers, Vergils, or Kiplings, but a Whitman, sang its praise. Theodore Roosevelt, the only unabashedly imperialist President, saw America as an international do-gooder that spoke softly and carried a big stick.

Yet, as Brooks Adams wrote: "Nature is omnipotent; and nations must float with the tide. Whither the exchanges flow, they must follow." Theodore Roosevelt's friend and advisor, Adams may not have been nurtured an imperialist, but, like Whitman, Roosevelt, or even Jefferson, he could not deny what he beheld: an immense, rich, populous country, in a world that had become no more meek than in Themistocles' time. His fear of a glacial America, slipping towards rot and destruction, finds its echoes in the hearts of many conservatives. A melancholy generalizer and a visionary, Brooks Adams tried to tell us that destinies, manifest or not, may not be shirked in a world of machine-like men. As Woodrow Wilson set up the stage for a century of wars, Adams might have felt vindicated—but whether anything salved his soul, we may never know. If early-20th-century America was a pain to him, what would he say now?

While this country basks in video games, Irangate, pacifism, affirmative action, "justice for all," and junk mail promoting Hammacher Schlemmer "solar-ventilated golf caps," Henry Ford's words should be recalled. "In my mind," wrote Ford, the creator of the production line, "nothing is more abhorrent than a life of ease. . . . Let every American become steeled against coddling. . . . It is a drug." Though Ford has been accused of many things, he was, above all, an American: In my youth in Yugoslavia, I remember the almost religious awe his cars caused. "I can reach the engine like a cow's udder," a mechanic friend told me, "nothing like a Mercedes, or any of this European junk, where you have to use a can opener before you can get at anything." Henry Ford was an American because he was fearless: He would look, see, think, and do, regardless of any chorus. It took a long time (until the 1970's) for American windbreakers to start boasting false pockets, bad zippers, and the theatrical tailoring, typical of Italy, Hong Kong, or Taiwan.

"During the seven and a half years that I was President," wrote Theodore Roosevelt, "this nation behaved in international matters towards all other nations precisely as an honorable man behaves to his fellow man. We made no promise which we could not and did not keep. We made no threat which we did not carry out." Henry Ford and Charles Lindbergh would have concurred. Though resolutely op-

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posed to the U.S. entry into World War II, both men became loyal workers in the war effort—the American Republic, they felt, must show itself different from old Europe, which had debauched itself into self-immolation. But if President Jimmy Carter ever read his predecessor's words, as he put in motion his hostage policy, we do not know. What we are aware of, however, is that the Shiite terrorists in Beirut pulled back from harassing the Soviets, after some of their gunmen (and their families) were found carved up—the V spread of their fingers did not mean they were willing to have their people die.

The Russians have learned what Americans haven't. In a world where Tartar horsemen held banquets on platforms supported by the bodies of their still-living foes, and Teutonic knights, Turkic raiders, panzer divisions, and *Einsatzgruppen* killed more people than anyone can count, knowledge came dear—he who will not vanquish, will be vanquished in turn, and no poems shall revive him. (The Serbs are a rare example of a people resurrected by the memory of former greatness.) Whether Russians are protectively imperial, as many American liberals hold, or malignantly expansionistic, as their enemies say, is immaterial. For millions of Letts, Latvians, Estonians, Poles, Germans, Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians, Rumanians, Yugoslavs, Bulgarians, *et al.*, the Soviet Empire is an evil, without any hyperbole.

Speaking of survival, in 1938 Charles Lindbergh attributed British success to "the past importance of the Channel and the time it gave the British to prepare for war." Theodore Roosevelt said much the same from a different perspective: "I suppose that the United States will always be unready for war. . . . This is no new thing. Americans learn only from catastrophe and not from experience." Yet, "Anglo-Saxons" have reached the end of their insularities: The Channel is a creek, and the Ocean a river. With Canada neutralist or Mexico Marxist, not even the river will be there. In 1987, Canadian socialist New Democrats gained a 40 percent support at the polls; as for Mexico, in 10 years possibly a quarter of its population will be in the U.S. The prospect of an unassimilable "minority" of 20-30 million should kindle memories of the internment of the Japanese in World War II, a much-debated reaction to the reality of a fifth column.

Is America to become a dump for an empire that never took shape? In Britain, second-generation Pakistanis wear saris, live in self-imposed ghettos, and demand that their customs, religion, and culture be underwritten by the British taxpayers. In Canada, Sikhs clamor for the right to serve the Armed Forces in turbans and to carry their dirks into Her Majesty's courtrooms. In France, Algerians ask for welfare and a voice in the affairs of the Republic, while in Germany Turkish-speaking Turks attend publicly maintained Turkish schools. In Holland, the Mollucans extol their Dutchness, and, in this country a federal director for bilingualism exists, perhaps to help Americans read foreign signs on their subways, buses, public buildings, and schools. (In comparison, in French Quebec a sign in English is a crime, according to the much-celebrated Provincial Law 101.)

"Empire is the child of an inability or unwillingness to live within one's means," concludes American Marxist historian William Appleman Williams, adding his voice to Lindbergh's 1938 opinion that there is an "antithesis of democratic ideals to empire." There are many Americans, liberal, radical, and conservative, who find nothing wrong with this view. Born in revolt against a world state, Americans are understandably reluctant to become themselves the enemy —yet, isn't an "inability or unwillingness to live within one's means" just another definition of ambition, drive, and courage? Those Europeans who could "live within their means" stayed in Europe, as did those Vietnamese, Cambodians, or the Chinese who could reconcile themselves to a lifetime in a labor camp. Some opponents of imperial expansion laud the Chinese 15th-century refusal to start an African colony but seem to forget that mainland China *was* and *is* an empire (as attested by its countless ethnic minorities). Historically, empires are often a matter of social physics—the strong and the large behave differently from the small and the weak. "The American imperial way of life," writes Williams, "conditions people to be outraged about the death required to maintain an empire."

But when the Vietnamese lost over a million dead in a worldwide war against America, they didn't count their losses. They would have understood what Theodore Roosevelt meant by saying, "Let us pay with our bodies for our souls' desire." It may be possible that the U.S. policymakers also knew what they wanted but were afraid to say it—"the theme of American participation in World War II was victory at the lowest possible cost." That, at any rate, is the opinion of historian Stephen E. Ambrose. Others contend that "victory by the Red Army was the key to avoiding any structural changes [in America]." According to the *Historical Statistics of the United States*, only 405,399 Americans died in a holocaust that consumed over 50 million lives (among them over 25 million Soviets and over 10 million Germans). The number of the American dead in Vietnam was comparable to the casualties at Gettysburg alone; yet, not many Americans north of the Ohio River upbraid Lincoln for being a mass murderer.

In retrospect, it seems that in 1860 America was more conscious of its destiny and more willing to pay its dues. Whether Lincoln had a choice or, as many Southerners believe, made a crucial mistake that forever ruined the nation, is a matter of historical conjecture. What is not historical conjecture, however, is that the geopolitical realities of today are no different from yesterday's. Khomeini, whipping up the ghost of his people's empire; Qaddafi, bloating up to have another go at Tours; Soviets bathing on Cuban beaches and teaching Nicaraguans to fly Hind gunships; Canadians debating on whether to leave NATO; Mexico on perpetual verge of revolution are all facts of our time—as long as there are the weak and the strong, the rich and the poor, the capable and the incapable, America will have a choice. It is a choice many less fortunate nations do not have: whether to agree to "live within its means" and wither away (or die, violently) or whether to secure for itself the position of comparative invincibility. "Right is the oncoming might," according to John Stuart Mill. The Soviets, the Chinese, the Third World, "proletarians," "capitalists," even the Nicaraguans are all striving after might. Can America afford to abdicate

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because the contest is hard, treacherous, and risky? In the game of survival, second places often do not count. Where are the Armenians today? Or Dacians? Or Burgundians? Or even the European Jews?

For the soft, the record of oppression *by* the weak should suffice—mob rule in the French Revolution, Soviet Red Terror, the Cambodian self-genocide, to go no further. In comparison, imperial strength has often brought peace, prosperity, pride, and civilization to those areas and times that have produced anything of value. *Pax Romana* gave us Europe, while Byzantium, the Holy Roman Empire, and the Austro-Hungarian Empire preserved it. In Genghis Khan's description of supreme joy (" . . . to cut my enemies to pieces, drive them before me, seize their possessions, witness the tears of those dear to them, and embrace their wives and daughters") lies an indication of what the frontiersmen of European Empires saved us from. Today, the Frontiers are shrinking towards the City on the Hill, as in Emperor Constantine Dragases' time, or before Chalons became a victory.

In their Hamletizing over empire, Americans are tortured with the specter of a loss of freedom. Can those who lay down the law themselves be free, seems to be the question, and the answer, in many Americans' minds, seems to be negative. It has often been said that freedom does not involve license, and most philosophers (including Hegel), have perceived it as strength arising from the obligation to truth. A sturdy, hierarchical, responsible America might be freer than today's U.S.—freer from the whims of over 50 percent of its citizens who don't bother to vote, and from the hang-ups of those who use their franchise only to satirize, blaspheme, or destroy. In most European democracies, the choice involved trusting particular men to keep the community viable and vigorous—the decisions of New England town meetings were binding even for dissenters. During the Civil War, supporters of the Confederacy or slavery in the North were imprisoned, sometimes shot—no Jane Fondas toured the enemy and cashed in on it. In the American West, vigilance committees enforced the will of the majority, to the detriment of anyone who would not abide by it. An America able to react both to the gadflies and the dragons would be honorable in its willingness to pay for what it wants.

There is yet to be invented a social or a political order which will satisfy everyone. Until the late 19th century the American Nation meant a Germano-Celtic, English-speaking people, not merely an inhabited continent. The world is large, and America can be a point of departure, as well as a port of destination—let others try with "cultural mosaics," multilingualism, and cultural and religious disintegration. America *should* continue providing a chance to immigrants of its choice, able to become Americans, but there is no reason why it should be a haven for newcomers unwilling to adapt. Such magnanimity will only delight the enemies of this land and enable every pressure group in the world to take its place as a well-paying influence on American policy. When the rest of this planet has become a United Nations, it will be time enough for Americans to follow suit.

This country is an empire because a continent of close to 300 million people cannot behave as a village assembly and survive. There will never be a technology to change this—either Americans will manage their estate according to its nature, or be challenged by others more than willing to try. Gorbachev, for one, would be delighted to show the Americans how to run their agriculture, industry, and politics; but he would have to get in line with Oliver Tambo, Daniel Ortega, and Yassir Arafat. After 200 years, this republic has no reason to prove anything. If effort means the lack of freedom, instead of a precondition for it, then Americans have ceased being free since the first Europeans came here.

America, the envy of the world, is also its only hope. It is not an unblemished hope, but what are the alternatives? Ulster? Valon-Flemish rivalry? The sanatoriums of Switzerland? French posturing? Italian auto-subversion? Third World New Information Order? Mike Gorbachev's Afghanistan? Chinese Truths, Leaps, and Pratfalls? Perpetual White Man's self-flagellation? Are Americans to renounce themselves because a food chain exists?

As a foreigner ("legal alien" in exact terms), I wish to become an American because, after living in much of this world, I know that the only battle worth fighting, in this day and age, is right here, in America. In Kuwait, I was asked to stay and witness the eventual removal of the *chadohr*; in Iran, they spoke to me of revolution; in Peru, I was promised money that I never lacked; in my native Yugoslavia, I was expected to wait for what the Austrians had won over a century ago—but I wanted to see the whole of this speck in space go somewhere, and I chose America. If America flubs it, the crime will be much greater than self-destruction; a world will be orphaned, before it is destroyed.

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—from "What the Founders Didn't Count On"
by Clyde Wilson

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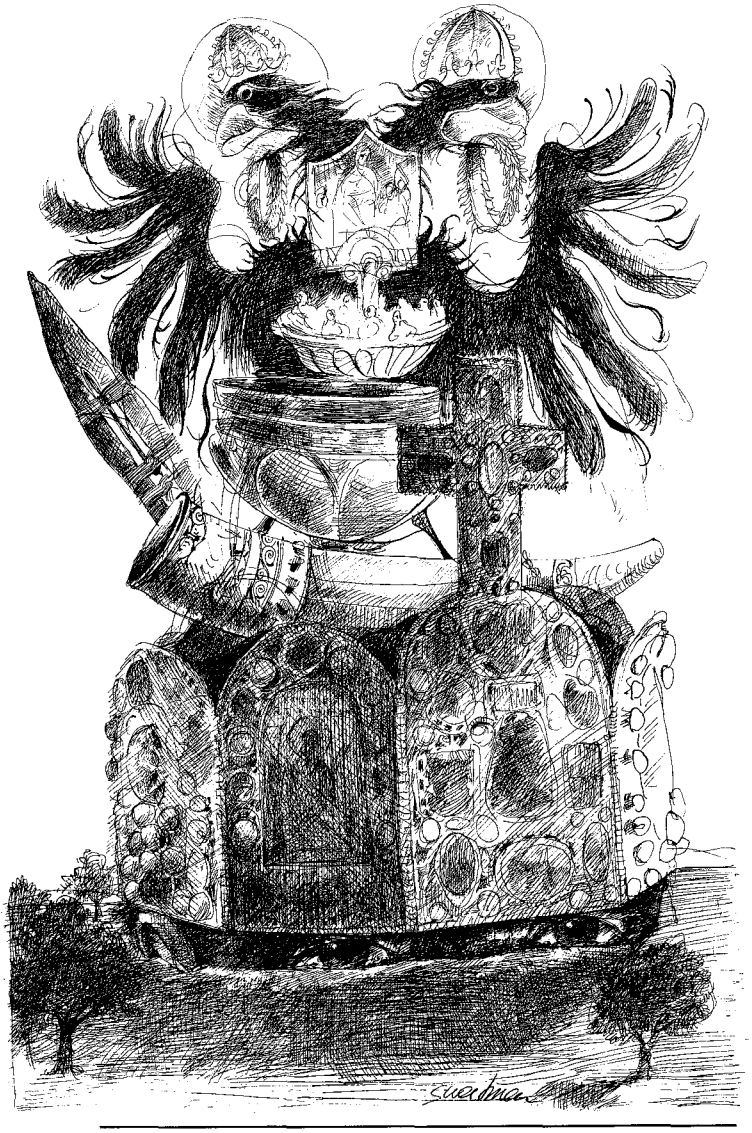
THE EMPIRE AT EUROPE'S END

by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

In the German name for Austria, *Osterreich*, *Reich* denotes more than "empire" in the sense of territorial extension; there is also a certain spiritual content. In the Middle Ages, empire meant the Eastern Roman Empire of Byzantium, and after Christmas Day 800, when Charlemagne was crowned by Pope Leo XIII, the *Sacer Imperator Romanus* was a German and from 1440 on, with one exception, a Hapsburg. He was the protector and nominal overlord of all Western Christendom. The Holy Roman Empire (whose colors were Black and Gold) existed, at least on paper, until 1806.



In 1804 Francis II assumed the title Emperor of Austria but two years later dropped the "Roman" claim that had been drained of meaning by Napoleon's conquests. However, prayers for the Holy Roman Emperor on Good Friday and Holy Saturday, contained in *all* Catholic missals the world over, were abolished only in 1952. (In these, God's help was implored to strengthen the Empire against the attack of the barbarians who were "merely trusting in their ferocity.")

The Second *Reich*, founded by the Hohenzollerns, was created in Versailles on January 18, 1871, when William I became the German Emperor—not the "Emperor of Germany," since a country called *Deutschland* ("Germany") has existed officially only since 1949. The *Deutsches Reich* of 1871 was a federated state dominated by Prussia. Its character was not conservative but national-liberal, and the National-Liberal Party was the force behind Bismarck, an ex-conservative, who as a young man had been a Prussian patriot and not a nationalist.

The history of Austria is inseparable from German history. In 1866 the Prussians destroyed the German League (which served as a successor, of sorts, to the Holy Roman Empire), first by making a treaty with Italy against Austria and then by defeating Austria in the war that ensued. A year later, Austria had to come to terms with Hungary, smaller in population but larger in area. Hungary, too, was a *Reich*, just like Austria, and it had a longer continuous history. Saint Stephen, King of Hungary, had received his royal crown from Pope Sylvester in 1001, while Francis II (now Francis I) established the Empire of Austria only in 1804. Thus from 1867 until 1918 we speak of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

Still, we have to return to the concept of *Reich*. It is a large country and not a national state. A *Reich* ideally contains a great variety of states, races, ethnic units, languages, dialects, classes, laws, institutions, traditions, privileged groups, and so forth. Besides "Empire," *Reich* in German also means "rich" and is connected with "*reichen*," to reach (out). Its uniting force is not *Nationalismus* (ethnicism-racism) but patriotism—a pride in a wealth of forms which must be stronger than some sort of warm, collectivis herd-feeling with a suspicion for otherness. A *Reich*, above all, must have a continental, if not a global, mission—a task, an aim. Although Switzerland is a shining

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example for a vibrant patriotism based on a military democracy, a *Männerbund* (male league), an *Eidgenossenschaft* (its official title referring to binding oaths), the monarchical form of government, is a much more suitable coordinator of patriotic fervor. The old order, we have to bear in mind, was vertical: as God the Father in Heaven, the Holy Father in Rome, the monarch (the Father of the Fatherland), and finally, the father—a king in his family. The monarch and his wife were "parents," and thus a female sovereign (a "mother image") was not inconceivable, as attested by the career of Maria Theresa, wife of Francis I, Holy Roman Emperor, and a real sovereign in her "hereditary countries."

Austria, not Germany, had inherited the symbolism and the privileges of the Holy Roman Empire: the double-headed eagle, the black-golden flag, the hymn composed by Haydn, the veto-right at the papal election (last exercised in 1903), and, above all, the Hapsburg dynasty, which became the focus of all loyalties of the specific Austrian or Austro-Hungarian patriotism. This made the "Dual Monarchy" (two parliaments, two sets of laws, one economy, coordinated armed forces, and one foreign policy) a going concern for over a century.

No doubt, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy had its weaknesses and troubles, but the great Czech leader František Palacký declared in the last century that if it did not exist, it would have to be invented. Its main problem lay in being a multinational empire which had drifted into an age of ethnic nationalism. Thanks, above all, to American intervention in World War I, it was willfully destroyed. No fewer than 13 languages were spoken in the Dual Monarchy; there were five major religions (including the Catholic Church with its three different rites), and the Austrian part consisted of 17 "Kingdoms and Countries Represented in the Imperial Diet" (the *official* name of Austria). In Austria, the Germans formed the largest group and were present everywhere in varying degrees and with different social status. Since Vienna had been the residential center of the old "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation," German sentiments were fairly strong. Significantly, Austria-Hungary's last crown-prince, Otto (with a dual citizenship), represents Bavaria in Strassburg's European Parliament. (If the German League had won the German-Prussian War of 1866, the Germanies would have been united by Vienna and not by Berlin.) Austrian Germans (or Austrians, in the narrow, present-day sense of the term) represent the southernmost North Europeans and the easternmost West Europeans. These overlapping marginalities engendered sophistication and a fertility of ideas. Only recently have American scholars discovered that Vienna and its gravitating areas were intellectually and artistically a real pivot of the Old World. There, the Teutons, Latins, Slavs, Finno-Ugrians, and Semites met, exchanging thoughts, visions, and notions. The old Monarchy could have become the very center of the United States of Europe (now aimed at with very insufficient measures), but the Hapsburg Empire was killed by default. It first became a victim of national democracy and then of National Socialism.

With the rise of "horizontalism," the ethnicism-racialism of the 19th and 20th centuries, the nationalities awoke to a dynamic egocentrism which led to fatal local animosities. This happened especially when the agrarian element of one ethnic group was pitted against the urban element of another or when the farmers of one *Nationalität* felt oppressed by the landowners of a different origin. The antagonisms were also frequently regional, and, to make matters even worse, they finally found their concrete expression in the Diet, the *Reichsrat*. In addition, outside influences of varying degree were trying to destroy the monarchy: St. Petersburg declared the Western Ukrainians of Austria to be "in reality Russians," denying their separate character and demanding their "liberation"; a number of Czechs developed "Pan-Slav" tendencies (of which they are now cured for all times); the Rumanians clamored for Transylvania (where they now suppress the Magyars in the most brutal manner); the Serbs propagated a "Pan-Yugoslavism" and used assassination to achieve it; and many German Austrians cast longing glances in the direction of Berlin. The Poles, however, were utterly loyal, expecting from Vienna the eventual end of their partition. Even the majority of Italians were good Austrians, and a Socialist Italian journalist wrote in a book published in 1911 that Italian irredentism in the Trent region was hopeless since, except for a few "bourgeois," the people there were all *austriacanti*, friends of Austria. The reason for this, claimed the journalist, was because the Austrian administration was vastly superior to that of Italy. The journalist's name? Benito Mussolini.

His observation was not without substance. Ethnicism-racism is a middle-class disease. The aristocracy, like royalty, is strongly internationalized as is the Catholic clergy with its head in Rome. The old Monarchy, indeed, appealed to the farmers, the military, and the civil servants because of their hierarchic outlook. (The working class? If politicized, it was also "international.") The Austro-Hungarian Army fought in World War I bravely to the bitter end. In July 1918 the Generalissimo, Baron Arz (a Lutheran Transylvanian), said to my mother, who spoke of our "heroic soldiers": "Madam, these are no longer soldiers, but desperate, hungry beasts in rags." Still, the middle class, because of its urban character (politics comes from *pólis*), always plays a key role. And the Old Monarchy was politically by no means feudal but middle-class. Edward Crankshaw pointed this out in his *The Fall of the House of Hapsburg* and added that society in the Monarchy was "much more democratic than in England" and that "government was very largely a middle class affair." "The Austrian half of the Empire," he wrote, "enjoyed a very high level of freedom for the individual and a much higher level of social welfare than, for example, England. Politics and administration were open to all talents." (C.A. McCartney, on the other hand, insisted that the poor Hungarian peasants were better off than their counterparts in Britain.) In 1835, according to the American author Nathaniel P. Willis, the Austrian administration buildings, schools, and hospitals were the best he had seen in Europe. And in Austria there was also that nice fickle, anarchical *joie de vivre* with occasional violence which characterizes nations not affected by the discipline and community sense of the Reformation. "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," a historically minded American would say. Indeed, nobody could imagine a Francis Joseph countersigning the Volstead Act or

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joining the "Watch and Ward Society."

The unfortunate mistake of the Danubian Monarchy was its veering towards political democracy. Ever since the middle of the 19th century the constitution provided for an ever-increasing suffrage, and by 1907, earlier than in England (or America, with its poll tax), the one man-one vote system was adopted, thereby rendering parliamentarism inoperable. The warning of John Stuart Mill in his *Representative Government* that "free institutions are next to impossible in a country made up of different nationalities" was ignored. (Nor are they workable with a substantial religious rift, as in Northern Ireland; it would also be sheer madness to adopt them in South Africa!) The language of the army and (basically) of the administration was German, but the sovereign, from childhood on, had a multilingual training. Language *was* a problem: An educated Slovak in Northern Hungary had to "start" with a knowledge of Slovak, Magyar, and German before he could think of learning French and English.

The "nationalists" in the age of nationalism were not too happy in the old Monarchy, but C.A. McCartney said rightly: "For a very considerable proportion of the people of the Monarchy, then, the Monarchy with all its faults represented a degree of protection and national security which was not lightly to be hazarded."

World War I has correctly been called by Sir Dennis Brogan the "Second War of Austrian Succession." It was actually not at all the Treaty of Versailles with Germany but the treaties of St. Germain-en-Laye with Austria and of Trianon with Hungary that radically changed the map of Europe. The fall of the Russian monarchy made it possible for Woodrow Wilson, egged on by his "left hand in foreign affairs," the socialist George D. Herron, to arrange America's entry into the war—a war transformed from a bloody contest between nations into an ideological crusade "to make the world safe for democracy." It actually made it safe for Lenin, Stalin, and Hitler.

In Wilson's original "Fourteen Points," the phrase concerning the "autonomous development of the nations of Austria-Hungary" (as their real author, Walter Lippmann told me) merely aimed at the decentralization of the Monarchy. (This also had been the plan of the murdered Archduke Francis Ferdinand and of Emperor Charles.) Yet Wilson let himself be persuaded by Thomas Masaryk to destroy the Dual Monarchy. (Masaryk also convinced him that it was not Germany but Austria-Hungary who was the real enemy of freedom, democracy, world peace, enlightenment, and progress.) Herron, who actually had become Wilson's agent in Europe, ruined the second Austrian peace effort in February 1918. He met the secret emissaries of Emperor Charles in Switzerland and rejected the offer because it implied the political survival of the Hapsburgs, which would have meant, as he said, that the whole war had been fought in vain. So the hostilities continued for another nine months, to effect a real holocaust.

The nations of Austria-Hungary paid dearly for the follies of some of their leaders and for the fanaticism of Western "democratists." According to Max Eastman, Sigmund Freud had called Wilson "the greatest idiot of this century, no, of all centuries, and a real criminal, albeit not conscious of it." How many Americans laid down their lives in World War II for the misconceptions of Woodrow Wilson? The first part of that butchery was an outcome of the Hitler-Stalin partnership while the second part resulted from the Stalin-Roosevelt alliance. As Winston Churchill confessed, "There is not one of the peoples or provinces that constituted the empire of the Hapsburgs to whom gaining their independence has not brought the tortures which ancient poets and theologians had reserved for the damned."

World War II, the "Third War of Austrian Succession," could have been easily foreseen. (Even the naive George D. Herron prophesied in 1920 "Wars of Tartaric Ferocity.") The Versailles Treaty contained the notorious Article 231 affirming Germany's war guilt, based on the Potsdam Crown Council of July 29, 1914, which G.P. Gooch proved had never taken place! Nevertheless, it was made the moral foundation of the ruinous reparations leading to a crisis which, in turn, made Hitler's rise, within the democratic framework prescribed by the Allies, truly inevitable.

To make matters worse, the impoverished and methodically humiliated Germany *had geopolitically won the war.* The Dual Monarchy, which Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu had called the keystone of Europe, was no more.

His Magnificence, Professor Ernst Kornemann of Breslau University, pointed out in his Rectorial Address on October 15, 1926, that Germany was by now in a unique geographic position. Before 1914, it bordered on three great powers—France, Austria-Hungary and Russia—but now only on one. Between Germany and Russia, with the exception of Poland, there was now only a mosaic of either totally artificial or thoroughly maimed and tiny countries. This was a situation, he explained, which he hoped Germany would take good advantage of in the future. Hitler did. Born an Austrian, he hated Austria (as he did his father) so intensely that he made even its very name taboo. (It became "the Alpine and Danubian districts.") Together with Stalin he started the Third War of Austrian Succession during which the heart of Europe fell first to the Germans and finally to the Soviets.

In the little Austrian Republic, the "Imperial Idea" is not entirely dead, and it is gaining nostalgically in all the other parts of the former Empire—not only in North-Eastern Italy but, above all, in the lands now under Red Rule. In Italy these sentiments can obviously be far more freely expressed: In Trieste (which became Austrian in 1383 and now is a center of intensive studies of the Imperial past), in Gorizia, even in the Province of Venice (where the Austrian rule terminated in 1866) T-shirts with the portrait of Francis Joseph are being sold, and a real *Movimento Mitteleuropa* (Italian-German words for "Central European Movement") is gaining enthusiasts. There is the mounting feeling that faraway Rome does not understand their problems. In Slovenia and Croatia, now ruled by the Balkan city of Belgrade; in Prague, which the Soviets reoccupied in 1968; in Budapest, where according to a poll the Austrians are considered the "best neighbors," the past appears in a very new light. (There, Austrian aid in 1956 is remembered, and the silly, brutal treatment of Hungary in 1849 is forgiven and forgotten.) Never had the old Monarchy a greater prestige than now. It is "Paradise Lost." The feeling is now general that all these countries between Germany and

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Russia should draw together in independence from Berlin and Moscow. This, however, leaves the question open how a central, but not a centralizing, government ought and could, at least theoretically, be constituted. Again a one man-one vote parliament? Should that failure with the ceaseless, idiotic, and offensive talk about "majorities" and "minorities" be repeated?

I remember my childhood days, when above the beds of simple people one saw the Emperor and the Empress (in Hungary, they figured as King and Queen). These were the additional parents. The monarch was trained from his earliest years for his difficult, grueling, thankless job (usually without retirement), which hardly left him time for a private life. (Francis Joseph? His brother was executed in Mexico by Benito Juárez; his wife, Elisabeth, was murdered by an Italian anarchist; his son committed suicide; and his nephew and heir was assassinated by the minions of Serbia.) This was a world, admittedly, with very modest living standards since technology had not yet made the average person a very productive worker. But people looked with confidence into the future, honesty prevailed, the artistic and intellectual life flourished, security was great, social rise was frequent, tolerance amazing. The foundations of the "libertarian" Austrian School of Economics had been laid (Carl von Menger, Böhm von Bawerk, Ludwig von Mises), and (genuine) liberalism was rampant. (Francis Joseph's daily newspaper was the liberal *Fremdenblatt*—not the Catholic and conservative *Reichspost*.) "Anti-Semitism" admittedly existed, but it was far less virulent than in the United States. Whereas the Prussian army had only over 80 Jewish career officers, the Imperial-Royal army had over 2,000. Only after the great triumph of democracy in 1918 there were (in the words of Winston Churchill) loathsome monsters crawling out of the sewers.

Austria-Hungary was in size the second largest (in population the third largest) country in Europe, and it provided its citizens with a feeling of space, freedom of motion, variety, color, and a richness of life which is gone but not entirely forgotten. There were areas where within one or two miles entirely different cultures could be found—in the southern parts of the Tyrol, for instance, churches and houses suddenly appeared in a different style, while melodies, the popular dress, food, and inscriptions changed. There were cities where the farmers, coming in from the rural districts to sell their products, seemed to come from another world. Hungary had different stamps (so had Bosnia), but the banknotes were in German on one side, in Hungarian on the other. The bodyguard of the Emperor wore fezzes, since they were Muslims from Bosnia, where polygamy was legally permitted for them. (No jailings, as for Mormon fundamentalists in the United States!) Austria was more "democratic" than Hungary, but Hungary was more "liberal." (There were *two* citizenships!) The death penalty was in force, but between 1889 and 1914 the Emperor had signed only *one* order of execution. The administration was modestly rewarded, and cases of corruption were extremely rare; but sticking to written law when it obviously made no sense was equally rare. (The "Majesty of the Law" is a republican phrase.) There was school on Saturday, but Jewish pupils did not have to write a single line. Old Austria was a Catholic country, but the (salaried) Evangelical minister and the rabbi came to the public school for instruction, and their marks, like that of the Catholic priest, headed the report card.

Austria was a real *Reich* with the Crown of the Holy Roman Empire (still!) in its treasury. It was a "rich" country, rich in a welter of forms and institutions. In the north, in Bohemia and Moravia, people frequently crossed ethnic lines, and this happened often between brothers and sisters, parents and children. There were Germanic aristocrats who spoke Czech to each other and Czech noblemen who conversed in German. Asked whether they were Germans or Czechs, they insisted they were Bohemians, referring to an ancient kingdom, not a race. There were Saxons who figured as Hungarian citizens and Eastern Rite Ukrainian Catholics (with married priests) who were just as much Catholics and "Austrians" as the people from the Tyrolean mountains, with their leather shorts and plumed hats.

I well remember how my good mother broke into tears in 1964, when she heard a man on the radio sing with a thick Hungarian accent. (A Czech or Polish accent would have had the same effect on her.) "The old monarchy," she explained sobbing, "I shall never forget it." Indeed, neither can I, although for me it was a mere childhood experience, later mixed with my Hungarian years as a university student. Here we have to remember the words of Lord Acton, a great Catholic and a great liberal of partly German descent, who wrote: "Those states are substantially the most perfect which, like the British and Austrian Empires, include various distinct nationalities without oppressing them." This notion is very much in the same vein as the words in the testament of Saint Stephen, King of Hungary, to his son, Saint Imre: "Remember, my son, that a country of only one language and one custom is a feeble and foolish thing." Such sentiments are totally unacceptable to the leftist mind which dreams of a country with one race, one language, one class, one type of education, one ideology, one party, one income, and so forth. Imre's name, my readers should recall, was translated into German as Emmerich, and Emmerich was Italianized into Amerigo, which is at the root of "America."

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THE WAR YEARS *by Anthony Harrigan*

World War II seems both near and far away. In one sense, it seems like only yesterday that I was 17 years old, in uniform, and in Georgia and California. In another sense, that period is ancient history. We have traversed a century or more in human experience since the early 1940's.

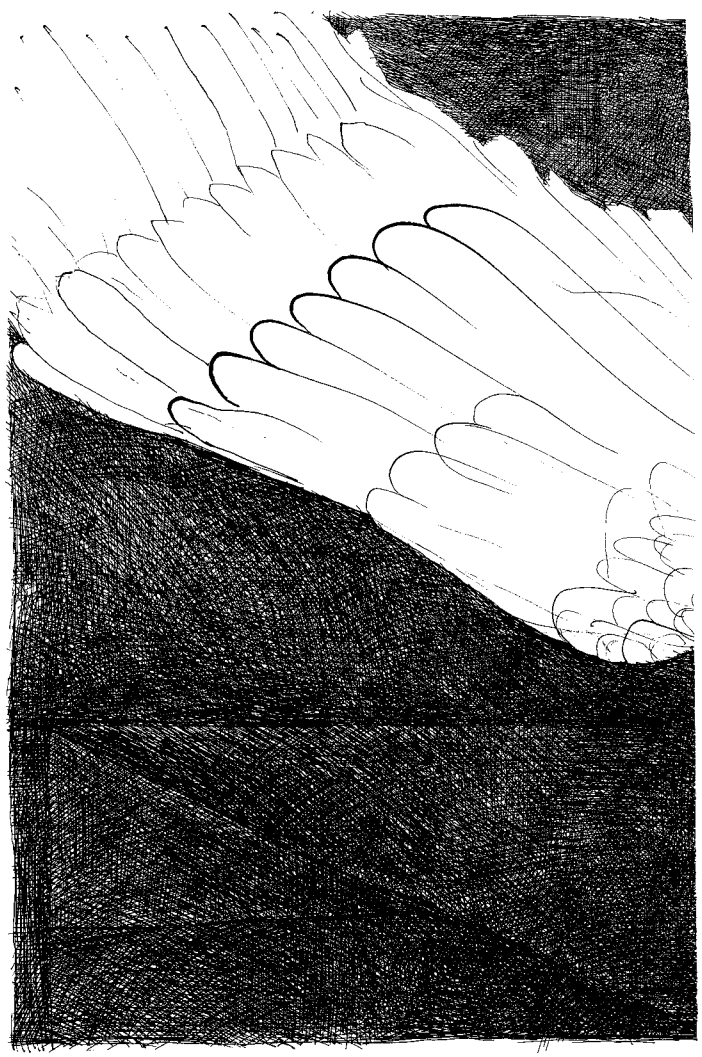
The conflict was a vast maelstrom that changed the world more than anyone imagined at the time. The war involved colossal sacrifice for those who were thrown into battle. It shattered peaceful lives. It sent Americans from quiet communities into the most remote regions of the globe. It brought the United States out of the Great Depression and turned sharecroppers into riveters in shipyards. It caused a major migration from the sleepy Southern back country to the industrial heartland of the Midwest, thereby producing severe social upheaval in the decades to follow. It spawned different social and economic realities, a different and higher technological order, different politics, and different sets of notions about how people should behave toward each other. Those of us who were born in the 1920's found ourselves catapulted into another age.

I saw nothing of the violent side of World War II, actual combat, or the faraway places, though at the time, the military encampments of California seemed very far away indeed. I also recognized nothing of the change that the war was working in American life. I never anticipated the social transformation that would result from the conflict. I didn't see anything beyond my own small journey in the direction of adult life.

I was 16 years old on December 7, 1941, when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and I heard news of the attack on the radio in our living room at 10 Legare Street in Charleston. In the afternoon I sat in my friend Craig Bennett's automobile and listened to the follow-up reports on the car radio. The next day we gathered in the assembly hall at the High School of Charleston and listened to President Roosevelt's broadcast in which he referred to "a day of infamy." The perfidy of the attack made a deep and permanent impression on my mind. More than 40 years later, I continue to view our Japanese "allies" with deep suspicion, as many Frenchmen in their innermost hearts must view the Germans.

In the months after Pearl Harbor, Charleston organized for attacks that never came. My friend Rutledge Webb and I, accompanied by his father, did spells of duty as air raid watchers on the roof of the Sumter Hotel. We scanned the skies for the Junker bombers that were thousands of miles away. Other Charlestonians were organized on a block-by-block basis, prepared to lead their neighbors to shelter in the event of attack. The harbor mouth was closed by a steel submarine net, as were the creeks, for Lowcountry residents feared invasion by minisubs such as the Japanese had used at Pearl Harbor. People were deadly serious about the peril, and anyone who let a light shine in a blackout received a stern reprimand. Off the Carolina coast, German submarines *were* active, destroying tankers that carried precious fuel. And one night Charlestonians heard the rumble of naval gunfire at sea. They went to the High Battery to watch for signs of the naval action, but there was nothing to be seen. There also were rumors, as there had been in World War I, that certain Charlestonians with German names were ferrying supplies to U-boats off the coast.

The next fall, while at school in Massachusetts, the war impinged in only the most minor of ways—a dormitory heated by wood instead of coal, sugar rationing, odd types of meat in the dining hall, old men serving as train conductors, servicemen on leave in downtown Boston, and the ubiquitous headlines telling of battles in places with strange-sounding names. The war was a minimal presence, however, and didn't interfere seriously with my newfound appreciation of Mozart and Faure or my interest in school politics and a beautiful girl with the nickname of IDB (for idle brain). By the end of the year, however, there was much talk among my classmates of future military service. It was simply a matter of when one would go and in which



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service. To make a bad pun, I jumped the gun and abruptly volunteered for the Marine Corps.

By summer, I was on my way to the V-12 officer training program at Emory University in Atlanta. No sooner had I arrived at Emory, received my uniform, learned the rudiments of marching and military procedure, engaged every day in hateful unit calisthentics, than I realized I was thoroughly unmilitary and, certainly, not suited to be an officer in the Marine Corps. In the first place, the V-12 program required that one complete courses in trigonometry, chemistry, and physics—courses for which I had no preparation or aptitude and which I knew I could not pass. The only thing I remember about the physics course was that the professor told us that an extraordinary secret weapon was under development—a bit of information that showed his lack of discretion in wartime.

As I soon gave up on homework, I had plenty of time to play the piano in the Sunday school building attached to this Methodist University, to browse in the library, and to enjoy my speech course in which we read from radio plays such as Archibald MacLeish's "The Fall of the City." I also had time to write numerous letters to IDB (Adele Rodgers) and mail them at the little post office down the road from my dormitory turned barracks. The noncommissioned officers attached to our V-12 unit included Old China Hands, who wore the distinctive ties and other gear appropriate to the Old Corps and took a surprisingly tolerant view of the V-12 Marines. Many of the members of the unit were former college athletes who were as unprepared as I to pass the science and math courses. In time, we would all be shipped out.

The summer, however, was pleasant. We had liberty on the weekend evenings. With my Marine pay—perhaps $25 a month, which went far in those distant days (it was the first real spending money I ever had)—I took the trolley down Ponce DeLeon Avenue to Five Points, the heart of downtown Atlanta. The trolleys were open-sided cars in the summer months and offered a delightful, leisurely ride. In no way did they seem archaic. It never crossed my mind that trolleys would disappear before many years—along with steam engines.

I prowled the book and music stores in Atlanta and even made a record of several short piano pieces I had composed. There always seemed to be enough money for supper, a movie, and a cherry smash on the way home to Emory, where, late Saturday night, I read the first edition of the Sunday *Atlanta Constitution*. All this summer, the war seemed far away and unconnected with what I was doing, though I was in uniform, took part in military formations, and attended classes on military duties and discipline. Looking back on it, the program was too leisurely and civilianized for the purposes of the Marine Corps. Basically, of course, it was a Navy program, and the Marines constituted only a small contingent.

Come fall, however, those who couldn't pass the courses were cut from the program—more than 200 of us, if I recall correctly. We were bused to the railroad station in downtown Atlanta and put on our own private troop train, which took five days to cross the country from Georgia to Southern California. It was a memorable journey in Pullman cars—my first opportunity to view the vast expanses of the United States. We crossed the Mississippi, came into Houston at night, passed the white sand maneuver grounds in New Mexico where tanks were exercising, climbed the mountains, and sped down the California coast to the old Spanish-style railroad station at San Diego.

Our unit was unlike any other unit that had arrived at the San Diego Recruit Depot up to that point. To the frustration of the drill instructors, who customarily terrorized recruits by subjecting them to the special Marine Corps shock treatment, we were already Marines, already had our hair cut short, already were in uniform, and already knew how to march with precision, and, in the main, knew all the military routines normally taught in boot camp. This put the DI's in a position they had never experienced before. Moreover, many of the men in my unit were college football players to whom an obstacle course was child's play. The intelligence level in the unit also was well above that of the typical recruit platoon. Fortunately, the DI assigned to my platoon was a savvy, older, and better educated corporal who was able to deal with the markedly different situation without loss of face. Our platoon sailed through boot camp, except for the time in the rifle range outside the city where the noncommissioned range officers were very tough and regularly kicked us or hit us with ammunition boxes if we didn't hit the target. Also, working

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in the "butts" behind the targets was unpleasant duty.

After the final boot camp parade, we were mustered onto a field to receive our assignments. That was a turning point in life for us, and, for some, a turning point towards death, for a number of Marines in our training company were assigned to replacement battalions. That is to say, they were shipped overseas to fill holes in battalions that had been shot to pieces in the fierce island campaigns of the summer and fall of 1943.

As it happened, I was assigned to the headquarters Fleet Marine Force at Camp Elliott north of San Diego, a dull, eminently safe assignment in the personnel office which selected the specialists assigned to the 5th Marine Division then in formation at Camp Pendleton. My days there were not so different from my days at Emory University. After duty, I returned to the barracks and read, chiefly about music, which was my principal interest at the time. On weekends, I went on liberty in San Diego, hitching rides into the city and returning late at night on a Marine bus—actually a truck trailer with board seats. In the city, I hung around the military YMCA and played the piano, wrote letters to IDB, and ate the inexpensive meals. Sometimes I splurged and spent a dollar on a steak at a greasy spoon. However, it was necessary to stand in line to get a seat at the counter. Everyone in the city seemed to be a sailor or a Marine, and every girl who walked down the street was followed by a string of servicemen who tried to pick her up.

Memories of my time in the Marine Corps are devoid of the dramatic. While countless Marines truly went to war, engaged in acts of valor, and made sacrifices on which the United States is still living, my "war" consisted of the most mundane little things—field days in the barracks when we scrubbed the floor, listening to a Li'l Abner in our platoon sing "Birmingham Jail" (he was from Honea Path, South Carolina), eating cheese from a food parcel in my bunk after lights out, joshing with my former Emory roommate who ran the military post office at Camp Elliott and otherwise was a real operator who knew how to pull all the strings, pressing pants under the mattress of my bunk, and helping the old sergeant major get to the upper deck of the barracks after he returned from liberty dead drunk, which was his custom every evening. For many servicemen that's all war amounted to. The burdens and sacrifices in war are very unevenly imposed. Bureaucratic decisions control one's fate—while I was pulling personnel cards at Camp Elliott, my first cousin Nolan Harrigan was flying fighters in the Pacific.

The work at Camp Elliott was boring paper shuffling, and I applied for a transfer to Marine aviation maintenance, but my request was turned down. Eventually, I was assigned to the Specialist Training Regiment at Camp Pendleton, which turned out to be a training center for field interpreters in Japanese. The little camp, consisting of a small number of Quonset huts, was located in an isolated corner of a vast, unbelievably isolated stretch of California coastline. Much of my time was devoted to working on a pick-up crew assigned to miscellaneous camp repairs and to digging up grease traps. The only Japanese that stays with me is how to count from one to ten.

My months in the Marine Corps at Camp Pendleton were a very unhappy and traumatic time for me. I was an inadequate Marine. I got off on the wrong foot through the V-12 unit. Undoubtedly, I would have had better service if I had enlisted in the Navy instead of the Marine Corps. Nevertheless, for all my unhappiness, the influence of the Marine Corps has remained with me through the years. It is a remarkable branch of service which provides psychological as well as physical conditioning and which imposes certain patterns on anyone who serves in it. From the Marine Corps I derived an idea of proper bearing that is always in mind. The Corps teaches one how to stand, how to hold one's hands, much as the Jesuit order teaches its priests a pattern of outward behavior. The unstated objective of the Marine Corps is to create soldiers of the sea who are capable of serving as shock troops. In the process, it creates a personal style and outlook that is stoic. Because of my deficiencies as a Marine in World War II, I relished the opportunity in 1965 to spend a short time with a Marine Corps helicopter unit at Danang in Vietnam, experiencing what the serving Marines were experiencing. In so doing, I felt I had tied up some loose ends that had been left untied at the end of my service in the Corps. In other words, there was a psychological satisfaction in flying the missions along the Laotian border and on skirmishes near the old capital of Hue.

My World War II military experience left me disoriented. In the space of about three years, I had moved through a progressive school in Massachusetts and military service in a region of America remote from my roots. I had encountered ideas and experienced a disciplined existence for which I had not been prepared in my childhood. At the same time, and in the process, I was discovering who I was, groping towards what I would become as an adult. This passage in life always is difficult and is accelerated in wartime when one is taken out of accustomed scenes and routines and plunged into different worlds. Another year of prep school would have helped me move more smoothly towards maturity, as would have the gradual discovery process of college, but the war aborted that slow, effective process. Across the country and across the world, war aborted innumerable processes of development. War is disorienting not only for individuals but for nations and civilizations. The ultimate disruptive experience involves the termination of a national entity, society or civilization, which was the case when the old nations of Christendom in Eastern Europe fell behind the Iron Curtain.

The United States was fortunate not to suffer in World War II as other countries suffered. America was the victim of a surprise attack, and hundreds of thousands of Americans paid with their limbs and lives for the recovery of national territory and maintenance of American freedoms, but the United States was not invaded. Its civilian population remained unscathed. Nevertheless, America *was* changed by the war to a much greater degree than was realized when the war ended. The America of 1941 was much closer to its roots than the America of the 1980's. Whether the changes brought about by wartime were primarily liberating or destructive continues to be a subject of debate. The construction of army camps and air bases in rural areas of the United States, especially the South, pushed many backward areas into the 20th century. Many

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of these communities in the South had a prewar economy in which cash played only a small part. Public education was marginal. Contacts with a larger world did not exist. Then, in a burst of national activity, came the camp construction, the building of new roads and airfields, and the honky-tonks that kept the troops amused. Many meager, half-forgotten communities had a crash exposure to a different world. People moved out of the Plains states to work in the aircraft factories and shipyards on the West Coast.

Indeed the great national migration to California began in earnest during the world war and has continued ever since, with profound effect on the politics of the United States. World War II ushered in a new era of technological change. The sleepy East Tennessee area around the small town of Oak Ridge became the center of atomic energy development. The greatest impact was on the people who were caught up in the war effort. Soldiers stationed in Australia and New Zealand brought war brides home to Vermont and South Dakota. The country was mixed up and blended anew as it had not been since the turn of the century. Perspectives were widened beyond anything that might have been anticipated in the 1930's. My horizons in 1940 were Charleston's Broad Street and King Street and the nearby beaches. Three years later I was viewing Hollywood with wonderment—a microcosm of the change that was in progress. Other young Americans were dispatched to distant South Pacific atolls and the jungles of New Guinea. Undoubtedly, we all became less regional in outlook, less provincial, for good or bad. This set the stage of the changes in morality that would surface in the 1960's. The country gained sophistication and lost much of its simplicity. The old verities suffered as windows were opened that let in, first, a gentle breeze of change, and then, a hurricane that transformed American society.

Even as profound underlying changes were at work during the early 1940's, Americans went to war or to war work with a resolute and bright spirit. I am reminded of this in reading Don Ball's account of America published in *The Decade of the Trains—the 1940's*. "During the 1940's," he says, "America 'worked.' It seemed to be an era of good times and almost innocent merriment—even with the dark and terrible war. The forties were, as some say, natural—without pretense or guile. Still, responsibility was a meaningful term in the forties; no one forgot Pearl Harbor and the fact that a job had to be done . . . it was a time to enjoy yet not waste life. America's pride, friendliness, and grace were never for a moment lost during the war."

Changes set in motion by World War II took two decades to work their way through society and alter it radically. One can't help wondering what would have been the course of American society if the war had not taken place. The United States most probably would be a much quieter place with closer links to its roots. Technological change would have been infinitely slower, for war always creates technology. The level of sophistication would be much lower, perhaps much as it is in such an isolated spot as New Zealand. The internal migrations would not have taken place in equal volume. The South might well be poorer, but the old cities of the Northeast and Midwest might also be healthier in every way. The West Coast would not be congested with people to the same degree. Crime most probably would be much less of a problem. The whole tenor of national life undoubtedly would be more restrained, more pedestrian. The dangerous and weird would be less conspicuous in American life. The cultural revolution of the 1960's would not have occurred. The family would be stronger. This is not to say that American life, without the fact of World War II, would have been entirely placid. The consequences of the Depression would have been felt in the 1940's and later in profound ways. The Depression—an experience in American history, almost as decisive as the Civil War—exposed fundamental flaws in American life. It made clear that the American mechanism of government was inadequate to deal with the complex economic system that had emerged. The Depression also brought to the surface the radicalism that had come into the country in the late 19th century as a result of unrestricted immigration from countries where hostility towards government was endemic and the product of severe repression. This hostility was automatically manifested towards the new country, despite its freedoms, on the part of a number of newcomers, even as others sought to become completely Americanized and part of the established culture. Hard times caused the hostility to bubble up in the 1930's, especially as the children of the migration gained a higher education and came to articulate their inherited hostility.

Irving Howe, in his book *A Margin of Hope* (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich), recounts the rise of a hostile intelligentsia in New York City in the 1930's and recalls socialism as "an encompassing culture. . . . Almost everyone seemed to be a Socialist of one sort or another. . . . Only radicalism seemed to offer the prospect of coherence, only radicalism could provide a unified view of the world."

Mr. Howe also notes, in connection with the rise of the New York intellectuals, that "This was probably the first time in American cultural history that a self-confident group of intellectuals did not acknowledge the authority of Christian tradition." I was hardly out of the service before I made contact with the New York intelligentsia that was so influential and also so isolated from the America in which I had my roots.

During my year at the Cambridge School, I encountered, for the first time, liberal political and social sentiment, but it was very much New England liberalism. New York leftism was unknown to me at the time, and I would only discover it, in a tentative way, when I began to peruse issues of *The Nation* in the library at Emory University. It didn't touch me, however, until 1946, and I certainly wasn't thinking about societal goals during my time in the Marine Corps. I was concentrating strictly on myself and the frustration of my personal interests, such as music, that had begun to take hold during my year in Massachusetts. Indeed I never heard anyone in my time of service ever discuss the goals of the war, apart from smashing the Japs for their sneak attack at Pearl Harbor. The labors, tedium, and petty annoyances of military service wholly occupied everyone's attention—an unpleasant sergeant who tried to get our squad to wash the captain's automobile, endless field stripping of our rifles, periodic midnight marches with full packs as punishment for talking after lights-out in the Quonset hut. These were incidents that were at the center

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of our concern. Those of us who were safe in camps in California hardly thought of combat, except once, when a contingent of Tarawa survivors were assigned to our camp. Their ghastly appearance woke us, temporarily at least, to the grim reality across the Pacific. Given the fact that Americans fought from Normandy to Okinawa, it is amazing that I am acquainted with hardly a soul my exact age who ever heard a shot fired in anger. One friend was a tailgunner in a bomber and was shot down over Italy and placed in a German prison camp. Another acquaintance in Charleston was wounded in France. Other friends who served in the war and were sent overseas were attached to aircraft maintenance crews in India or Saipan, piloted small boats shuttling around an island anchorage, or were in units that went overseas after the fighting was over. With a few exceptions, my crowd—those who were 17 in 1943—were a bit too young, a little too late, for the epochal side of World War II.

Looking back on the war years, I have often wished I could relive them, demonstrating better qualities and experiencing more of the realities of war. Participation in a real war would have—I believe—better prepared me for a more complete and constructive life. Of course, it's hard to be sure, and it may be an absurd wish. We can't do life all over again. An imperfect vessel can't be reworked. It is impossible to implant into the personal past the daring, the stamina, or what Tom Wolfe has called "the right stuff," if these qualities weren't there. Other people came to the war with a better preparation for it, and, I suppose, many came with a poorer preparation than I had. One simply has the early experiences one has. We are handed certain cards in life and have to play with these cards and no others. Nevertheless, I think of myself during that time of national testing and view myself as inadequate, unprepared, foolish, ignorant, naive, and immature. However, I also realize now that our country, for all its sterling qualities, also was foolish, ignorant, and naive, unprepared for the war and its grim aftermath.

In many ways, America then and now remains the innocent in the world. Its life experience, while hard, was not the life experience of cruelty, repression, cynicism, and disappointment that many of the old countries of Europe knew. America was thrust into an ugly world by World War II, its isolation ended, precisely as innocence and isolation were ended for millions of individual participants in the upheaval that was the Second World War.

MILITARY HISTORY: VITAL, NEGLECTED

by William R. Hawkins

"What does it profit the reader to wade through wars and battles and sieges if he is not to penetrate the knowledge of the causes which made one party succeed and the other fail?"

—Polybius

Polybius was the most perceptive chronicler of Rome's rise to greatness. He concentrated on political and military history not merely to record the facts or to entertain an audience, but to provide lessons for the statesman. Today, however, military history is out of favor in academic circles. Scarcely one out of 10 universities offers courses in the field, which makes it the least represented of the many subdisciplines of history. In survey courses, wars are mentioned but rarely studied. They are little more than dates around which other material is organized. At the Ph.D. level, a candidate finds it almost impossible to convince a committee that military history provides any serious topics for scholarship. The military history courses that do exist are usually the creation of individual scholars, not standard departmental offerings, and if the faculty member leaves or retires, the course goes with him.

Of course, Polybius lived in a violent age; the Roman Republic was at peace only twice in its entire history. Military matters naturally loomed large in the affairs of state. The same can be said for the other ancient historians: Thucydides, Livy, Xenophon, Herodotus, Arrian, Josephus, Tacitus. Yet today's world is no less violent, with terrorism to "limited" wars to the threat of a Third World War. The study of military history should be at center stage, but it is not. In fact, America's last war, Vietnam, provoked a backlash against the serious study of war or military security. Universities were instead to dedicate themselves to more enlightened pursuits.

There is, of course, a great deal of "popular" military history on the market. A look through any bookstore reveals that war, in fact or fiction, has an enormous appeal to the reading public. But one suspects that most of this audience reads these books as adventure stories or out of a fascination for the technical details of the hardware involved. Not that there is anything wrong with this. Personal accounts of the rigors of war and the stress of command, as well as knowledge about weaponry, are essential elements of the study of military history. John Keegan's *The Face of Battle*, Martin Van Creveld's *Fighting Power*, Charles MacDonald's *Company Commander*, and anything by S.L.A. Marshall are essential. The problem is that the field is larger than this, both in its scope and in the audience it should reach. The decline in historical perspective among the general population is an often cited consequence in the overall decline in formal education. Military history has suffered even more because its neglect is purposeful.

The explanation is bound up with matters both of taste

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and ideology. Academics have been repulsed by the carnage of war, a reaction that has blended with the liberal belief that wars are "futile," a waste of blood and money. It is not war but the "invisible hand" of economics or the civilizing trend of enlightened philosophy that changes the world. War is a phase that man will outgrow. To study war will only perpetuate it. In this sense, historians have betrayed their own field by claiming that history is something to escape from rather than something to learn from.

In such an environment, it is no wonder that students who plan leadership careers have fled history for business or law. By abandoning the framework of Polybius, history has been stripped of its usefulness. For if historians themselves claim that there is nothing of practical value to learn from the past, why bother memorizing a meaningless list of names and dates? History departments have suffered from this, but so has society. The lack of historical perspective makes policy the victim of abstract theories and costly experiments. Wishful thinking proves a poor substitute for understanding how the world works. Experience is still the best teacher, and history is the record of human experience.

Of course, these attempts to escape the past have the usual elaborate intellectual superstructures that one expects in academe. They can be placed in two broad categories: the liberal (or Whig) interpretation of history and the Marxist interpretation. Both see history as a progression. History is studied to detect changes—to determine whether mankind is moving towards some ideologically determined goal on schedule and what can be done to speed up the pace of progress.

The liberal version is the most prevalent, with peace and individual freedom at the end of history. For example, Herbert Spencer's theory of social evolution was based on two ideal types: the military and the industrial. Throughout history, the military has dominated because the "continued existence of a society implies, first, that it shall not be destroyed bodily by foreign foes." However, Spencer thought that a new era was at hand: the rise of the industrial society. External threats were diminishing, allowing more individual freedom, for "in the absence of hostile societies, corporate action is no longer the primary requirement." The centralized state made necessary for the mobilization of the nation's strength in war could now be replaced by a decentralized state that would exist only to protect the "life, liberty, and property" of individuals. "Among competing industrial societies, there must be a gradual replacing of those in which personal rights are imperfectly maintained, by those in which they are perfectly maintained." Competition was to be waged along commercial rather than military lines.

A pleasant notion, but it has not come to pass nor is it plausible in the near future. What grounds there may have been for this view in the 19th century were thoroughly overturned by the world wars and other conflicts that have dominated the 20th century. Even before 1914 some previous adherents to this view were coming to their senses. John Stuart Mill near the end of his life deplored the decline of patriotism and honor in a land that valued only money. Mill termed the Liberal Party's position on defense as "smitten with imbecility" and advocated universal military training and the expansion of both the Army and Navy. Alarmed by the rise of Germany, the century's best-known liberal expressed in a letter to a friend that "I shall henceforth wish for a Tory government."

However, the theory continues to thrive in many corners. Even those who normally have nothing good to say about business proclaim their belief in an interdependent global economy as a support for peace. Meanwhile, those who cannot contain their enthusiasm for entrepreneurship are driven to new heights of fantasy by the vision of a world united under a "capitalist international."

The Marxists also see global peace, but only after the final triumph of the proletariat. History is a series of class struggles with the number of classes being reduced over time. Eventually only one class will remain, the struggle ends and harmony reigns. Both liberals and Marxists envision world peace and thus see a withering away of the state. The Marxists plan to wait until after the revolution and the reeducation of the masses by the dictatorship of the proletariat before dismantling the state, while the liberals advocate that the state (or at least regressive segments of the state, like the military) be dismantled first in order to remove an obstacle to the development of (or a return to, for those who believe in an idyllic natural society) a society based on peace and freedom.

These totalitarian and libertarian utopias have much in common, which should not be surprising given the large number of philosophers their traditions have held in common since the Enlightenment. And in regard to their attitudes toward history, the modern ideologist is merely following the medieval theological tradition of interpreting passing events as the unfolding of a Divine Plan, only now in secular humanist terms.

Marxists, however, have not been as ready to drop military history as have the liberals. Friedrich Engels was an avid amateur military historian, and Lenin was a devoted reader of Clausewitz. M.V. Frunze became the Soviet regime's leading military theorist by elaborating on the Leninist concept of war as the extension of politics. Clearly, an ideology based on class warfare has an obvious need for knowledge about the strategy and tactics of armed conflict. Unlike the libertarians, the Marxists have never considered sweet reason or self-interest alone to be sufficient to transform society.

In the West, a line might be drawn between liberal Marxists (democratic socialists) and the more hard-core radicals. The democratic socialists have softened their claims that pacifism is a "bourgeois delusion." Being in a liberal environment, they have acquired a distaste for the study of war, no matter how much they may repeat the catechisms about armed struggle when discussing a situation thousands of miles away. This lack of serious thought has led to such romantic notions as "inevitable revolutions" and the myth of the guerrilla. Self-satisfying images and useful propaganda devices—providing the audience is equally ignorant. In contrast, the radicals do devote time and effort to the study of guerrilla warfare tactics, nuclear strategy, and geopolitics. They may still join their more liberal brethren to encourage the peace movement, arms control, and a noninterventionist foreign policy, but for the very subversive reasons that conservatives suspect. They are the more dangerous adversaries and also the more worthy of

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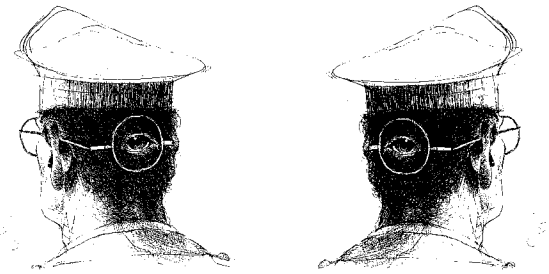

respect. Unlike the liberals, they at least know what they are doing.

Lenin claimed that it is the "men with ideas" who are dangerous to society. But without Trotsky's creation of the Red Army and its victory in the Russian civil war, the Bolsheviks might have found in the end that their ideas were dangerous mainly to themselves rather than to the world at large. Before Mao said "power comes from the barrel of a gun," Lenin and Trotsky (and Stalin) had shown it to be true. Communism has spread entirely by military means and has never been stopped or overthrown by other than military means.

But Communism is not the only example of a system of belief that has relied on force. It took only 50 years for the Mohammedan Arabs to conquer an empire stretching from North Africa to India in the 7th century; an empire that established Islam as a major religion still at the center of world events 1,300 years later. Islam might have spread further had not its armies lost to Leo III at Constantinople in 718 and to Charles "The Hammer" at Poitiers in 732; or if Malta had not withstood the siege of 1565 or Vienna the siege of 1683. When Constantinople did finally fall to the Turks in 1453, the Christian empire of Byzantium fell under the Moslem yoke.

While there have been exceptions, in general ideas have consequences only if those who hold them have (or can gain) sufficient power to impose them on society. Individuals may be converted by debate or meditation, but the masses are won from the top down by the exercise of authority and the establishment of sustaining institutions. Thus the Roman Empire was Christianized by Constantine after he read a message in the sky before the battle of the Mulvian Bridge. The Protestant cause survived because the sword-arm of the Counter-Reformation, the Hapsburg Empire, proved unable to subdue Europe under Charles V or his successors. In our own day, Nazism was driven from Europe not by persuasion or election, but by conquest. But "democratic capitalism" took its place only where the armies employed by democratic capitalist states were able to advance.

To the modern liberal, this view of the world is too painful to face. Indeed, this is a view against which the liberal must contest to preserve his own values. As Arthur Ekirch warned the American Historical Society in 1957, "military history involves the danger that its very bulk . . . may result in our literature as well as our society becoming further militarized."

This statement is typical of the liberal desire to discuss the military only as a domestic interest group, thus implicitly rejecting the idea that the military still performs a necessary function as a fighting force. This is reminiscent of Richard Cobden's claim, made nearly a century and a half ago, that the military and naval forces of the British Empire did nothing more than provide "outdoor relief for the aristocracy."

The basis for this view is not objective scholarship but moral principle. In his recent study of *Liberalism and Naval Strategy*, Bernard Semmel has traced the origin of this doctrine to Immanuel Kant, who died the year Cobden was born. Kant espoused all the liberal positions on international relations: disarmament, nonintervention, anti-imperialism, free trade, international law, and a world federation. These ideas were further spread by the dissemination and secularization of the doctrines of Dissent.

> Dissenters were convinced that God—and secular Radicals that historical progress—intended a millennial reign of peace, and that this new era was at hand. To prepare for war displayed an unredeemed nature. . . . They stood for a true Christian ethic. For them "strategy," any plan for exerting or projecting military or naval force was *ipso facto* wrong.

Semmel fears for the future because "liberals appear as unwilling as ever to confront questions involving power and strategy." But if to study war is to perpetuate it, does this mean that if war is ignored it will go away? Or will it merely come as a surprise? Judging by recent experience, America never ceases to be surprised.

History for the liberal simply leads him to agree with Otto Hintze that "power politics, mercantilism and militarism are all related" without sufficient consideration given to the context in which Hintze was speaking. That "in a period of permanent political tension . . . the international system as well as the absolutist state and the standing army" were created "in order that single states could preserve their independence and thus the basis of all prosperity and culture." Only where geography provided insular security (England and later the U.S.) could institutions of a freer kind develop. And then this "surplus" security was used to create global empires.

While it is easy to see how this liberal outlook has been carried over from Kant and Cobden to today's liberal-left in the United States, it should be noted that conservatives have not been completely immune from its harmful effects. At the operational level, conservatives are nationalists and anti-Communists, but these positions spring from the fact that at a deeper level conservatives are realists. Respect for tradition and the "lessons of history" in regard to the enduring characteristics of human nature have led them to a healthy skepticism towards ideologies based on abstraction and sentimentality. But over the last half-century, conservatism has been weakened by the indiscriminate incorporation of classical liberal economic theories which cannot be completely severed from the larger liberal world view from which they developed. More recently, these libertarian ideas have been strengthened by some elements among the "neoconservatives" who have carried various liberal notions into the conservative camp from another direction. Thus a tension has developed within the right. Conservatives know that the world is a dangerous place with myriad threats to the nation's security and interests, but at the same time they are inhibited by liberal influences from taking those steps necessary to overcome the challenges that confront the

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country.

Among the debates within the right are the use of military conscription, troop commitments to NATO, the effectiveness of anti-Communist guerrilla movements, the effectiveness of a "world democratic-capitalist revolution," and the play of the "China card." Like the debates between right and left over such topics as the use of covert operations and assassination, the Strategic Defense Initiative, support for authoritarian allies, and the war powers of the President, most of these discussions are influenced far too much by subjective value judgments and romantic notions. What is needed is a deeper study of military history to provide a more objective basis for evaluating policy alternatives with an eye to obtaining successful outcomes, or to use old-fashioned terminology, to obtain victories. Not that military history always provides clear and ready answers. Analogies are always debatable. But military history can provide a framework for discussion that avoids the flights of fancy that usually characterize arguments made without the benefit of historical perspective.

We must remember that wars do change things. Nothing equals the difference between winning and losing a war. That the Greeks stopped the Persians at Marathon and Salamis, that Rome destroyed Carthage, that the Christian Theodoric defeated the pagan Attila at Chalons, that China failed to conquer Japan in the 13th century, that the English drove the French out of North America, that the North won the American Civil War, that the Communists won the civil wars in Russia and China, or that Napoleon and Hitler were defeated are just a few of history's many decisive conflicts. The way millions have lived for centuries has often been determined by a few hours on the battlefield.

As Cyril Falls put it in *The Place of War in History*:

> What I want to urge is that all men, common and uncommon, great and small . . . have been profoundly and unceasingly influenced by war. Our literature, our art and our architecture are stamped with the vestiges of war. Our very language has a thousand bellicose words and phrases woven into its fabric. And our material destinies, our social life and habits, our industry and trade, have assumed their present forms and characteristics largely as the result of war. . . . We are, all of us, indeed, the heirs of many wars.

The idea that the United States developed in "splendid isolation" from such evil influences and thus should not descend to the level of its well-armed opponents is false. To build the country to its present size from a huddle of colonial settlements required wars with the British, French, Spanish, Mexicans, and Indians. Though technically much of American territory was purchased, foreign states were willing to sell because they knew their claims could not be defended. The U.S. has fought as often as any other major power over the last century and gained superpower status and the leadership of the West in World War II.

Fighting a war is a practical matter. It is not a game or an exercise in chivalry. Defeat comes with an unlimited liability clause. "Being in the right" or having a higher civilization or standard of living is no guarantee of safety, as the survivors of the 476 sack of Rome or the 1940 fall of France would attest.

Second, military history assumes that history is cyclical rather than linear-progressive. It also assumes that human nature has not changed substantially over the millennia. Civilizations can decline and fall as well as rise and expand. This point may be the hardest for Americans to accept, since their own history has, until recently, been one long upward spiral. This is why there are no American macro-historians to rival Toynbee or Spengler. Americans need to

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escape their parochial view. The current position of the U.S. in the world is different from what it has been for most of American history. Only by learning from the experiences of other world powers through history can Americans come to terms with what is necessary and expected of them. As A.T. Olmstead argued in his *History of the Persian Empire*:

> In reading this story, we naturally identify ourselves with the Greeks. . . . We quite forget that we ourselves long passed through the town-meeting stage when we governed ourselves much like the Athenians, and have now become a mighty world empire whose problems are those of the Persians. . . . We [must] re-read the delightful tales of Herodotus with eyes wide open to present-day American difficulties.

Accepting the possibility of defeat and even destruction is a necessary step towards concentrating the mind and getting down to work. Vietnam should have done this, but the liberals continue to outmaneuver the right on the interpretation of that war. The failure of the right to deal effectively with the Vietnam challenge, both during and since the war, is most disquieting. President Ford's statement, made as Hanoi's tanks rolled into Saigon, that there should be no recriminations or investigations as to why the U.S. lost, was the worst possible reaction. It means that it will require an even larger disaster to provoke serious thought on the nature of war. This thought must be based on experience—that is, on military history.

By military history is meant the general history of organized international conflict, for more than purely military operations on the battlefield are included under this heading. Military history is concerned with how nations prepare for war, how they wage and terminate wars, and how preparing for and fighting wars influences society. On this last point, it is often said that since armies reflect society, there is nothing the U.S. can do to improve on its defense under the circumstances of its open and materialistic democratic culture. This fatalistic assessment overlooks the many examples of history where societies, faced with external dangers, did act to correct internal weaknesses. Societies are not static; they evolve over time, and security concerns have been a major factor promoting reform and renewal.

During much of history, only a few decisive battles (sometimes only one) were needed to determine victory in war. But the hope of repeating Arbela or Hastings or Waterloo or of "being home by Christmas" has often been a delusion. Industrialization is often said to have made decisive warfare obsolete, replacing it with wars of attrition. The American Civil War and the two world wars are the obvious examples. Yet, Hannibal tried for 19 years to subdue Rome only to fail in the end. And Israel in the Middle East and the U.S. in Grenada have shown that decisive campaigns are still possible. And even apparently decisive battles or campaigns have only marked a part of a larger struggle. The Punic Wars, the Thirty Years War, the century of colonial wars between England and France, and the quarter-century of Napoleonic warfare all exhibited their share of lopsided battlefield victories that brought particular "wars" or phases to a conclusion, but which contributed to the final victory only in a cumulative fashion.

Thus even before industrialization, a country's "staying power," based on available resources and morale, was a crucial strategic factor. Industry, by increasing the resource base of nations, contributed to this situation but did not create it. As Gen. Douglas MacArthur stated in his 1935 report as Army Chief of Staff, modern war is characterized by "a nation at war, rather than a nation in arms." It is in industry that "the great proportion of the employable population will find its war duty." Yet, in contemporary American strategic planning, little attention is paid to economics.

Case in point: For at least 300 years, war finance has been a critical limiting factor. It was England's great advantage to be able to draw on accumulated foreign assets, a favorable trade balance, and the capital of its prosperous businessmen in time of crisis. But as Milton Friedman pointed out a decade ago, the U.S., with its high peacetime taxes and deficit budgets, is already using emergency measures to finance its everyday activities. What is left in reserve? And in the decade since, the strains have grown worse as the U.S. has become a net international debtor and seen its industrial expansion halted by foreign competition.

History also shows what basic unit of social organization is best fitted for combining resources and leadership. That unit is the nation-state. As long-cycle theorist George Modelski has concluded:

> The nation-state proved to be the only organization capable of spearheading and then sustaining large operations at long distances and on a global scale. Papal coordination was tried but generally found wanting in the organization of the Crusades; city-states alone, like Venice; powerful continental empires, such as those of the Hapsburgs, the Ming dynasty or the Mughals, did not or could not make it. The nation-state mobilized the resources and also supplied the coherence, motivation, and strength of purpose required for extraordinary ambitious and far-flung enterprises. . . .
>
> Nation-states have proved the most effective units for fighting *global* war; other competing organizations have been selected out. The basic unit of world order has become the one best fitted to survive a world conflict.

Those who are looking for a new basis for world order, be it the United Nations, the international solidarity of the working class, or some network of transnational corporations, are searching in vain. Even such "universal" creeds as Christianity, Islam, and Communism have failed to provide unity even among those who profess them. Those on the right who, like George Gilder in *National Review*, have denounced "nationalistic fetishes" in favor of a "global economy," are making a strategic blunder of the most profound kind. The world is in the disintegration phase of its current cycle. Communications and transportation technologies may be making global commercial (and military) operations easier, but the factors that count—the number of competing sovereign political units, the level of violence,

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the bitterness of ideological and religious rivalries—are all moving away from stability and peace. In such an environment, self-sustaining national power is critical.

Another element of instability is the technological advance in weaponry. Human nature may hold constant over the centuries, but weapons and their modes of employment change constantly (though at different rates in different eras). Indeed, the advantages that innovations in equipment, tactics, or strategy can confer provide strong incentives to those seeking expansion—and thus must provoke equally dynamic responses from those who wish to resist such expansion. It is an appreciation for this process of change more than the details of how a long-bow penetrated plate armor that the general student of military history should acquire. By the same token, it is the combination of factors such as speed, firepower, shock, and morale that provide the basis for comparing Genghis Khan's horse-archers with General Guderian's panzers despite the centuries between.

These operational concepts, along with logistics, recruitment and training, geography, intelligence, and communications, provide the basis for the "principles of war," a body of knowledge drawn from history. The classic exponents of strategic thought—Vegetius, Machiavelli, Sun Tzu, Saxe, Guibert, Jomini, Clausewitz, Fuller, and Liddell-Hart—all had personal experience in war and statecraft. America's most influential and famous historian, Alfred Thayer Mahan, wrote *The Influence of Seapower Upon History* as a Navy captain. The Pentagon makes extensive use of military history to refine its doctrines, and military history has figured prominently in the debates surrounding the work of the military reform movement. But in a democracy, more than just the defense professionals need an understanding of the basic concepts. The elder Field Marshal Moltke

Masks

by Rudolph Schirmer

The real image is only that of course—
An image—and the rest is camouflage:
Me in the morning, you at noon, revealed
In pictures, all erased by suppertime.
Deliberate? The question begs discourse.
The mask inherent, or the mask assumed?
Who are we anyhow? Who chose the role?
Who ran for cover when our selves arrived,
Saying, "How dare you have usurped the field?"
And who—now comes the question that offends—
Stood permanently at the cottage door,
Portraying Patience on a monument,
While all the time so restless, ill at ease,
A malcontent in genial disguise?

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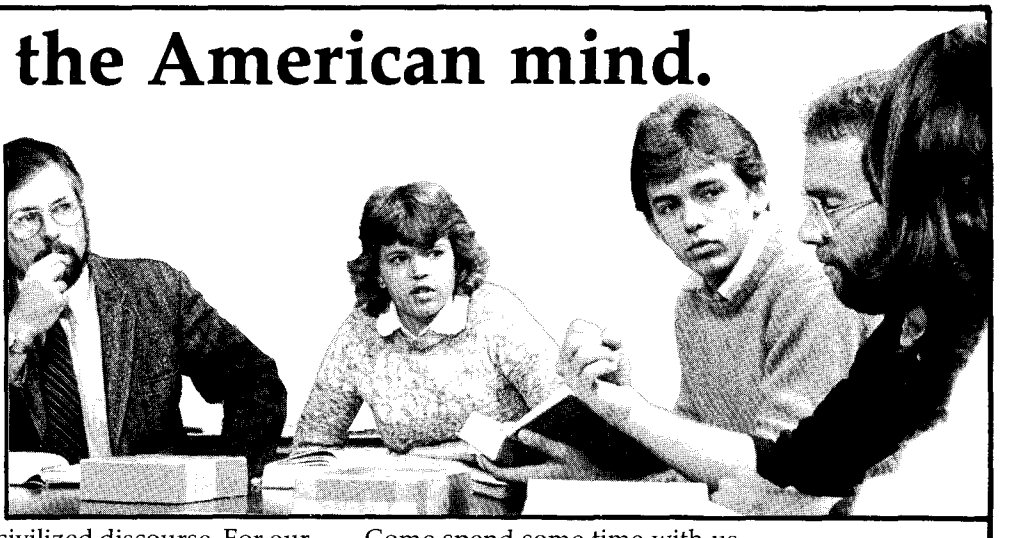

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thought strategy was merely "common sense applied to the art of war," but it is clear that today's political leaders and the journalists who set the parameters of public debate know little of these men or their work. Thus Moltke's "common sense" is anything but common.

Since change is a vital lesson of history, skepticism should meet any notion like Mutual Assured Destruction based on a static force of permanently invulnerable ICBM's of set number and design. That the Soviet Union is working to counter U.S. nuclear forces and to fight and win the next war should not be the least surprising. Moscow is behaving normally. It is the U.S. that is open to Thucydides' criticism for following "the habit of mankind to entrust to careless hope what they long for, and to use sovereign reason to thrust aside what they do not fancy."

Another example is the obsession with arms control negotiations. There is nothing in history, from the 1139 Vatican Edict against using the crossbow against Christians through the Hague Conferences before World War I and the Washington-London naval conferences before World War II on to SALT, that provides any evidence that arms control has either prevented or limited war. It is a particularly futile effort in an era of rapid technological change and unresolved international rivalries.

Deterrence itself is open to question as the basis for national security. Military history is primarily a record of the failure of deterrence and would be a far shorter record if deterrence played any consistent role in international affairs. Basing the nation's survival wholly on the expectation that deterrence makes war "unthinkable" is suicidal.

A 1974 study, *Military Deterrence in History* by Raoul and Frada Naroll and V.L. Bullough, is most interesting. A crosscultural study of 20 major confrontations running from the border struggle between the Han dynasty and the Huns (125-116 B.C.) to the renewed English-Bourbon struggle during the American War for Independence (1775-1785), it examines the rivalries between the Egyptian, Hebrew, Islamic, Greco-Roman, Western European, Russian, Hindu, and Chinese states, concentrating on the most active power (the Conspicuous State) in each time period. The study also took into account factors of geography, trade, military preparation, type of government, and whether the Conspicuous State was in a defensive stance vis-à-vis its rival. The conclusion:

> Our study indicated that there is no real support for the belief that either military or diplomatic efforts have tended in the long run to make peace much more likely among the defensively oriented Conspicuous States we studied. . . . The world arena of power politics has been a bloody one. Prominent states cannot avoid involvement in war. . . . In the absence of a world order, we must continue to live with the waste and slaughter of war.

The study also found that the most important variable in national success was the age and experience of its leader. This is nothing new to military historians. When Napoleon said that "there are no bad regiments, only bad colonels," he was speaking a truth about leadership that applies from the smallest scouting party to the greatest empire. Biography is thus often recommended as the best starting place for the study of military history. As Field Marshal Sir Archibald Percival Wavell advised:

> Study the human side of history . . . to learn that Napoleon in 1796 with 20,000 beat combined forces of 30,000 by something called economy of force or operating on interior lines is a mere waste of time. If you can understand how a young unknown man inspired a half-starved ragged rather Bolshie crowd; how he filled their bellies; how he outmarched, outwitted, outbluffed and defeated men who had studied war all their lives . . . you will have learnt something worth knowing.

As Arthur Ferrill has recently written, "Strategic decisions produce successful or unsuccessful results. . . . A good general or political leader will bear the burden and solve his strategic problems." But a poor or unlucky leader will fail and condemn his society to defeat and disaster.

National leadership is a weak point in the Western democracies. It is not just that Lyndon Johnson, choosing bombing targets in Vietnam, or Jimmy Carter, deciding how many helicopters to send on the Iranian rescue mission, suffer in comparison to Gustavus Adolphus or Frederick the Great. The West's salvation does not depend on a return to "soldier-kings"; nor is democracy incapable of producing competent war leaders (the elder Pitt and Churchill come readily to mind). What is lacking are leaders with sufficient background and interest in strategic thought to be able to set priorities and weigh the advice given by their military advisors. Yet this should be a prerequisite for high office, particularly that of President with its primary responsibility as Commander in Chief. Unfortunately, the political system is not geared to produce such men.

The negative impact of the Welfare State on the budgets available to the military is well-known. But even more damaging than the shift of funds has been the shift of time and attention of national leaders away from issues of defense and foreign policy to the overwhelming details of administering thousands of domestic programs and regulations. What politician today can follow Machiavelli's advice that "A prince should have no other aim or thought, nor take up any other thing for his study, but war and its organization and discipline." Yet, it cannot be expected that Presidents and members of Congress who win election by manipulating the immediate demands of special interest groups will suddenly become great statesmen and world leaders on assuming office.

The economic benefits of a new federalism that would shift domestic policy back to state and local government will be less important in the long-run than the benefits derived from relieving national leaders of the burden of managing the Welfare State. A division of labor should allow the national government to concentrate on long-term national strategy. This will only come about if concern for military security can be reestablished as the first priority of the federal government. The study of military history can be an invaluable support for that effort by providing myriad examples of why one nation succeeded and another failed over time.

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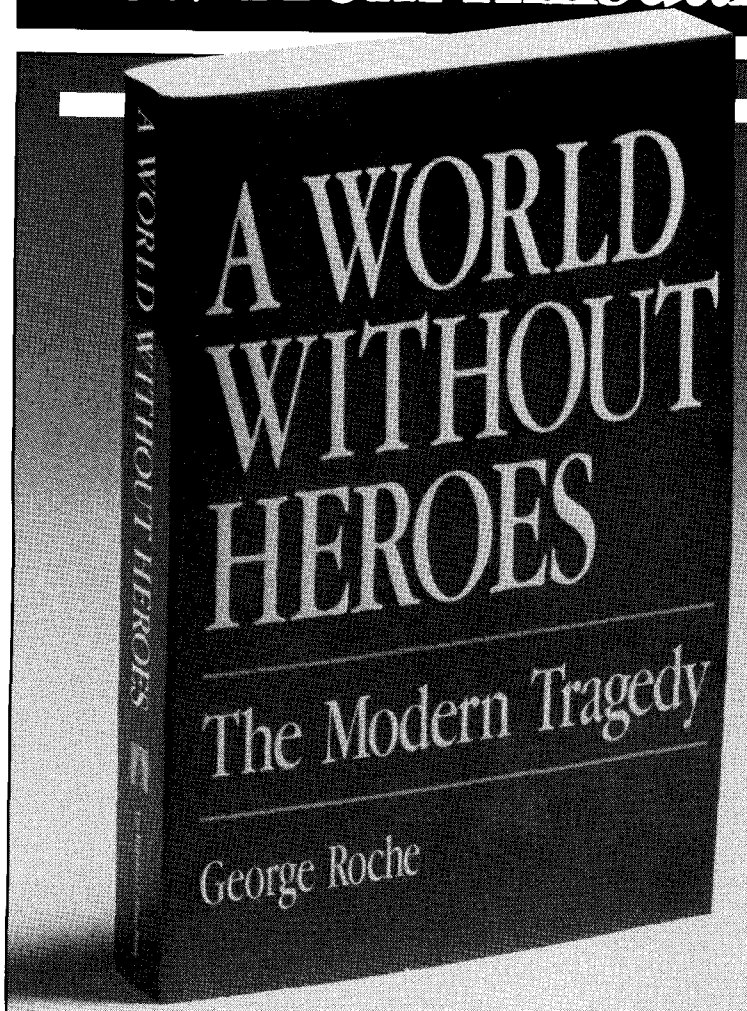

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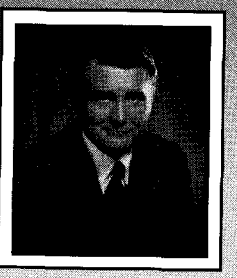
By George Roche

Foreword By Russell Kirk



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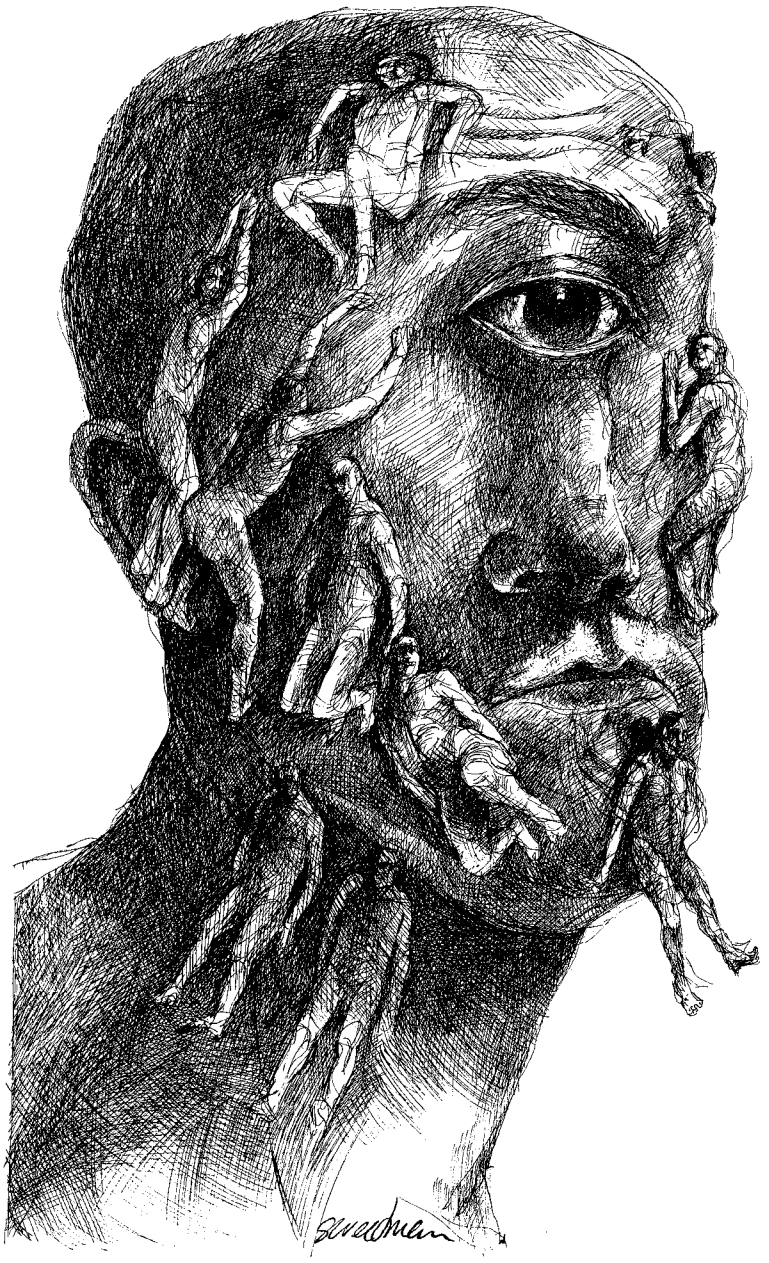
The Treason System *by Harold O.J. Brown*

***Le système de trahison* (*The Treason System*) by Eric Werner, Lausanne, Switzerland: L'Age d'Homme.**

The Germans have a word for it: *Schadenfreude*. It means, literally, harm-joy, and refers to the nasty but common human tendency to rejoice when harm comes to someone else. In English, we don't have the word, but we certainly have the phenomenon. Think of the nationwide jubilation over what happened to Richard Nixon (and, incidentally, to America) during the Watergate scandal. Today we have it again, with the media blitz over President Reagan's Iran-Contra connection.

Europeans are often perplexed by the way in which America's leading politicians and media figures seem to take pride in their ability to run their own country down and to hamper its effectiveness. There is such a thing as reasonable self-criticism, but to most Europeans, the American phenomenon involves *Schadenfreude* carried to the point of *auto-déstruction*.

It was not always so. The United States was once the home of jingoism: "My country, right or wrong!"—patriotism carried to the point of virtual blindness, when anything could be excused if it seemed to be in the national interest. Today we have the opposite phenomenon, in which breaches of every standard of confidentiality, civility, and honor are taken for granted, excused, even approved, if only they are *not* in the national interest and injure only our own nation. Most Europeans cannot understand the marathon flagellation of President Reagan because of the weapons-for-hostages/Contra funding deal. The frightful uproar over his visit to Bitburg cemetery two years earlier was even less understood. Nor can many Europeans understand why the United States gratuitously insulted Austria by declaring that Austrian president



Harold O.J. Brown is pastor of the Evangelische Kirchgemeinde in Klosters, Switzerland, and a contributing editor to Chronicles.

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Waldheim cannot have a visitor's visa to enter the USA, because of unrefuted allegations about his World War II record.

Why does there so often seem to be open season in the media—and in Congress—on America's national interests? The American public is used to it and takes it for granted, like muggy weather in Chicago in the summer. Ostensibly, it is a quest for truth. To most Europeans, it looks like collective insanity. Part of the explanation must lie in our American illusion of invincibility. There was a time—perhaps for 20 years after World War II—when America's military and economic might seemed so secure that one could chip away at it at will, from all sides, gaining fame and sometimes fortune without the risk of doing any serious damage. Those days are long past; the damage that has already been done to America's interests is severe, and the damage that is still being done may suddenly prove fatal. But the tendency to self-destruct goes far beyond mere verbal self-abuse, however harmful that may be. It extends to deeds that we used to call treason.

We can compare what has happened to treason to the change of American attitudes on abortion. Up until roughly 1968, "abortion" was a loathsome word, and no physician wanted to be identified as an abortionist. After the Supreme Court decision in 1973, abortion became not merely acceptable but could even be called good—so much so that abortion activist Lawrence Lader could boast of 700,000 abortions in one year as a "triumph of the human spirit." Something like this has happened to our attitude towards treason, although there has been no Supreme Court decision to justify it. We boast about our shame.

In *The Treason System*, Eric Werner analyzes a revolution in moral sentiment that has overtaken the West since World War I. In *Divine Comedy*, Dante reserved the lowest circle of hell for traitors, placing Brutus and Cassius, who betrayed Julius Caesar, in the same category as Judas, who betrayed Jesus Christ. Until well into the 20th century, treason was held to be the most loathsome of crimes. The historical Benedict Arnold was a cultivated gentleman, acting out of what he considered moral duty to his lawful king, but his name now symbolizes loathsomeness to generations of American schoolchildren. In France, the Dreyfus affair—in which a French army captain was convicted of selling military secrets to the Germans—became a national scandal. Later, when it was proved that this conviction was fraudulent, there was a second scandal. Had Dreyfus been convicted of murder, for example, and then exonerated, it would not have been such a *cause celebre*. The very idea of treason was shocking to pre-World War I France. Today, the story is different. Of course, treason is not considered exactly praiseworthy, but genuine traitors often arouse more sympathy than condemnation—witness the cases of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and of Alger Hiss in the United States.

For contemporary France, Werner cites a figure of 2,000 citizens involved in pillaging French defense secrets for the benefit of the USSR. This sort of activity is now more or less taken for granted. Offenders, if caught, will be prosecuted and punished, but national indignation over treason reaches nothing like the temperature caused in America by Watergate. Both the actual Watergate break-in and the subsequent cover-up were intended to be in the national interest. Perhaps if "the President's men" had been plotting *against* the national interest—as in the Ellsberg and Pentagon papers case—the media would have been more sympathetic.

On the one hand, elected officials must not be allowed to place themselves above the law regardless of their motives; on the other hand, it is perverse to judge those who act out of patriotic motives more severely than those who aid our adversaries. Werner explains it thus: "Treason has become part of public morality; it has become democratized." Treason not only no longer causes scandal; it is hardly even acknowledged to exist as a sociological phenomenon—rather like heresy in the modern church. Who can be called a heretic today? Hardly anyone, because no one knows what orthodoxy is. One of the difficult things to communicate is the fact that a major phenomenon—which earlier ages would have called criminal—has virtually disappeared from public awareness: the parallel with heresy and with abortion is evident.

"With over 2,000 documented cases of treason in France, one would suppose that treason would be the subject of books, of research projects, like any other sociological phenomenon of similar magnitude. But where are they? We cannot study treason because there really isn't any such thing. . . . Fifty years ago, traitors knew what they were doing. They realized that treason is a crime, and that they risked death if apprehended. Today accused traitors are surprised, shocked, outraged. They would faint from astonishment if told that they deserved hanging. 'Hanging? But why hanging? What have we done wrong? We are democratic. We are defending human rights.' And all around people would nod approvingly."

A former director of the French counterespionage service, DST, entitles his memoirs *Mission Impossible* and writes: "The concept of duty to one's country appears so outmoded that no one is outraged or even surprised when a prisoner, condemned to life imprisonment for treasonable acts of extreme gravity, is freed after five years."

It is not necessary to be an idealist, a committed partisan of the other side, nor even to be highly paid to become a traitor. One sometimes has the impression that treason is committed simply for want of anything better to do. One former Swiss officer, Colonel Jeanmaire (the highest peacetime rank in the Swiss army), is in prison for giving Switzerland's aerial defense plans to the Soviet Union. For his services, the Soviets gave Jeanmaire nothing but a cheap television set.

There are parallels in the United States: Career U.S. Navy personnel sell secrets to the Russians; Marine guards admit Soviet agents into the secrets of our Moscow embassy. In the first case, financial problems furnished the alleged reasons; in the other, sexual enticement. Nineteenth-century newspapers would have raged at such venality. Today we seem to feel that almost any enticement suffices to make treason understandable, if not praiseworthy, no weightier than sexual infidelity in the entertainment world.

Treason has become a generalized

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phenomenon if not a way of life in the West. But how can this be explained? Werner's answer deals with France, but it is thought-provoking—and alarming—when applied to the English-speaking world, particularly to Britain, Canada, and the United States: Treason exists only where there is something to be betrayed. We no longer take treason seriously because we no longer believe that a nation is something that can be betrayed. (Abortion can be a crime only if a baby exists to be killed; heresy can be a sin only if religious truth exists.) "A traitor is not really a traitor because the nation is not really a nation."

Not a nation? France, General de Gaulle's "grande nation," not a nation? The United States, which we sometimes still call "the world's most powerful nation," not a nation? In Werner's sense, No. Both France and the USA are states, but not states of the kind that can inspire national loyalty. Hence, "La trahison, c'est la chose la plus naturelle du monde."

What can inspire loyalty? A nation can, and so can an empire, but modern Western countries are neither. A nation is an ethnic and cultural entity and must also have its own national spirit. France was a nation, and so was Britain; Germany really became a nation only in the mid-19th century, and this late maturation helped plunge Europe into two world wars. Nations frequently seek "natural boundaries," but they do not necessarily seek to expand beyond them.

An empire has a different kind of spirit, universal rather than local. Rome, the empire *par excellence*, began as one city-state, not very different from most of the rest of Italy. Its tremendous expansion was not national—like France's in the 17th century—but imperial. Rome developed military competence and a high level of administrative and management skills, but these alone would not have created and maintained the empire: For centuries Rome stood for something grand, and scores of communities and races that were strangers to each other came to share its vision. Hitler's "Third Reich (empire)" was doomed to fail as an empire because Hitler insisted on the narrowest kind of nationalism. No one but ethnic Germans could share it.

An empire need not try to rule the world. Rival empires can coexist side by side, as the British and French Empires did prior to World War II. Both were convinced that they had something to give the world, but they were not determined to impose it on each other. In Britain and France, both when they were relatively homogeneous nations and as they became empires, treason was a high crime. Why is it such no longer? Because they have abandoned their empires and have not reestablished themselves as nations. Hence, treason is "la chose la plus naturelle du monde."

Can an empire revert to being a nation? France has tried. De Gaulle, giving up his country's imperial heritage, made a conscious effort to reestablish France as *la grande nation*. But it was apparently too late. France can no longer be a nation because too many survivors of her imperial past have installed themselves in the "hexagon" (as France is often called after its shape on the map). France might like to be complete and self-contained, like a hexagon, and no longer have need of an empire. Unfortunately for France, this no longer seems to work. Modern France may be a self-contained hexagon geometrically, but not spiritually or culturally.

France has opened its doors to non-French, non-Catholic, non-Christian, non-European immigrants in great numbers—the shipwrecked victims of its vanished empire. For the empire, people of diverse traditions with strong attachments to France were an asset—for the hexagon, they are a liability. A missionary, expanding, evangelizing church is proud of its converts from other religions; a stagnant church is embarrassed by anyone trying to convert, because he reminds the existing "believers" that they have lost their vision. Jews who want to accept Jesus as their Messiah are embarrassing to "Christians" who no longer believe that Jesus is "the way, the truth, and the life." Vietnamese and Africans who want to be loyally French embarrass ethnic Frenchmen because they remind them of their lost (or betrayed) empire, while those who do not want to become French remain a foreign body and lead to nationalistic reactions such as that led by Jean-Marie LePen. Can France be a nation when its population numbers 15, 20, 25 percent of nonassimilated immigrants, particularly of immigrants who came because they believed in an ideal that the majority has abandoned?

There is a warning for the United States in all this. Like Rome, we have never really been a nation; unlike Rome, we have not really become an empire. For a brief period after the Second World War, the United States had a chance to become an empire. We turned away from that chance, with all its inherent potential for grandeur and for evil. The postwar "imperialism" of which America is accused has been commercial only—and business is not empire.

America has made an attempt or two to act like an empire, even if unconsciously. America's Korean War may be compared to Rome's interventions in Greece: The Korean War made sense on the assumption that America has a mission in Asia. It made much less sense on the official theory that our only goal was to help Asians attain self-realization. This became our stumbling-block in Vietnam. Our persistent refusal to see the Vietnam War as a clash of empires and our denial that America has any legitimate imperial mission or interests made it impossible for us to justify our presence in Vietnam to our own people. We deny that we are an empire; at the same time, we permit or promote the practice of the melting-pot in ethnic and cultural pluralism, which makes it impossible for our country really to be a nation. What is left? The treason system.

To return to the religious parallel: Committed Christians have always known that there are only two choices for the church. It will either have a mission to the world, or it will suffer submission to the world. To abandon the sense of mission is to reduce Christianity to the level of folk religion or popular superstition, making the church little more than a folklore club. Something similar holds true with our American "empire": either it will have a sense of mission *or* it will decline to a constantly diminishing role in the world.

The United States, by virtue of our power, wealth, and dynamism, simply must have a worldwide influence in

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the late 20th century A.D., just as Rome had to have such in the third century B.C. Unfortunately, now our influence is commercial only; it is no accident that the Iran-Contra imbroglio, which involves—and menaces—our legitimate imperial interests, revolves around a financial "deal"—arms to a hostile tyranny in the Middle East for cash to help overthrow a hostile tyranny in Central America. "Send in the Marines!" appeals to quite a different kind of spirit from "Send a Marine to collect the cash." Even so, the phenomenon of one loyal if misguided Marine officer standing up for our national interest still inspired the nation. As movie critic Fredy Buache of Lausanne wrote some years ago, "If you deprive people of genuine fervor too long, a little orange syrup will bring them to tears of emotion." Unfortunately, the orange syrup hardly works at all with the media or most of our political leaders, and it simply is not a wholesome diet for the nation for any length of time. Can we inspire respect beyond our borders when we have such difficulty inspiring loyalty within them?

Werner's analysis is alarming: Like the diagnosis, AIDS-positive, it seems to point to inevitable debility and death for postnational "nations." What Werner calls the "democratization of treason" is rather like the generalized immune deficiency of AIDS. The body's ability to fight disease is destroyed, and death becomes inevitable. Medical researchers are frantically seeking a vaccine against AIDS. Can we find a vaccine against spiritual AIDS? Treason is a spiritual immune deficiency, and the vaccine—if there is one—will have to be spiritual.

Treason is a social symptom of a spiritual disease. A naive society, before the days of the electronic "global village," could thrive on its national substance. A society where all values are "up for grabs" cannot. As Hans Millendorfer of Studia Austria says, "A value-free (wertfrei) society is valueless (wertlos)." The Communist world is not a "nation," but it does have its own perverted "imperial" vision. The traitors of the West pay homage, consciously or not, to the superiority of that perverted vision. We cannot rid ourselves of treason unless we can produce a better one. The intellectual wing of conservatism is ill-advised to be supercilious towards the attempts—however inelegant—of groups like the "Moral Majority." Jerry Falwell may not have the whole answer, but Norman Lear and "People for the American Way" certainly have no answer at all.

Myths of Imperialism *by Arthur M. Eckstein*

"The day of small nations has long passed away. The day of Empires has come."

—Joseph Chamberlain

The Africans by Ali Mazrui, Boston: Little, Brown; $29.95.

Europe's Myths of Orient by Raina Kabbani, Bloomington: Indiana University Press; $19.50.

Empires by Michael Doyle, Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press; $23.99.

In a rational world, the term "imperialism" might have been a carefully defined and useful tool of political and social analysis, part of the study of how empires come into being. But the story of "imperialism" is typical of the decadent intellectual history of our century. The word has hardly ever been carefully defined. That is not surprising, since the word has hardly ever been intended as a serious tool of intellectual analysis. Rather, "imperialism" has been persistently employed by a coterie of alienated intellectuals in what one might call a *masquerade* of analysis: various purported "explanations" of empire that are in reality mere exercises in easy moral condemnation and savage political polemic. As a result, it is only very recently that any objective attempt has actually been made to understand the true dynamics of the growth of empires.

From the beginning imperialism has been not a term of rational analysis but rather "a slogan of political combat"—what the Germans call a *Schlagwort*. As with any such political slogan, the meaning of the word has therefore tended to vary widely over time, depending on the political needs of its users.

Originally, "imperialism" arose as a condemnatory description of the regimes of Napoleon Bonaparte and then Napoleon III: It derived from the word "emperor," and it meant military-dictatorial *internal* government (or "Caesarism"). "Imperialism" first entered English usage in the 1870's—and again, as political polemic. The debate was over Disraeli's foreign policy, and in particular his proposal to have Queen Victoria proclaimed Empress of India. Disraeli's opponents correctly saw this plan as part of an attempt to whip up popular enthusiasm for British overseas expansion, and also for the monarchy. They saw this as dangerous: Britain already had enough overseas responsibilities, and the existence of a British *Empress* was repugnant to British democratic traditions. They called Disraeli's ideas "imperialism": "a new word to me," as Lord Carnarvon wrote in 1878. The new word now assumed a double meaning. As Gladstone put it, Disraeli wanted "an internal 'Caesarism' joined with external territorial aggrandisement." In the short run, of course, Disraeli won: Victoria became Empress of India. But "imperialism" now entered the English language as a term of opprobrium, and a term connected with policies of *external* expansion.

We should note that the "anti-imperialists" of the 1870's had argued that overseas territories were politically, militarily, morally, and (above all) financially *unprofitable*. But 30 years later, this argument was turned on its

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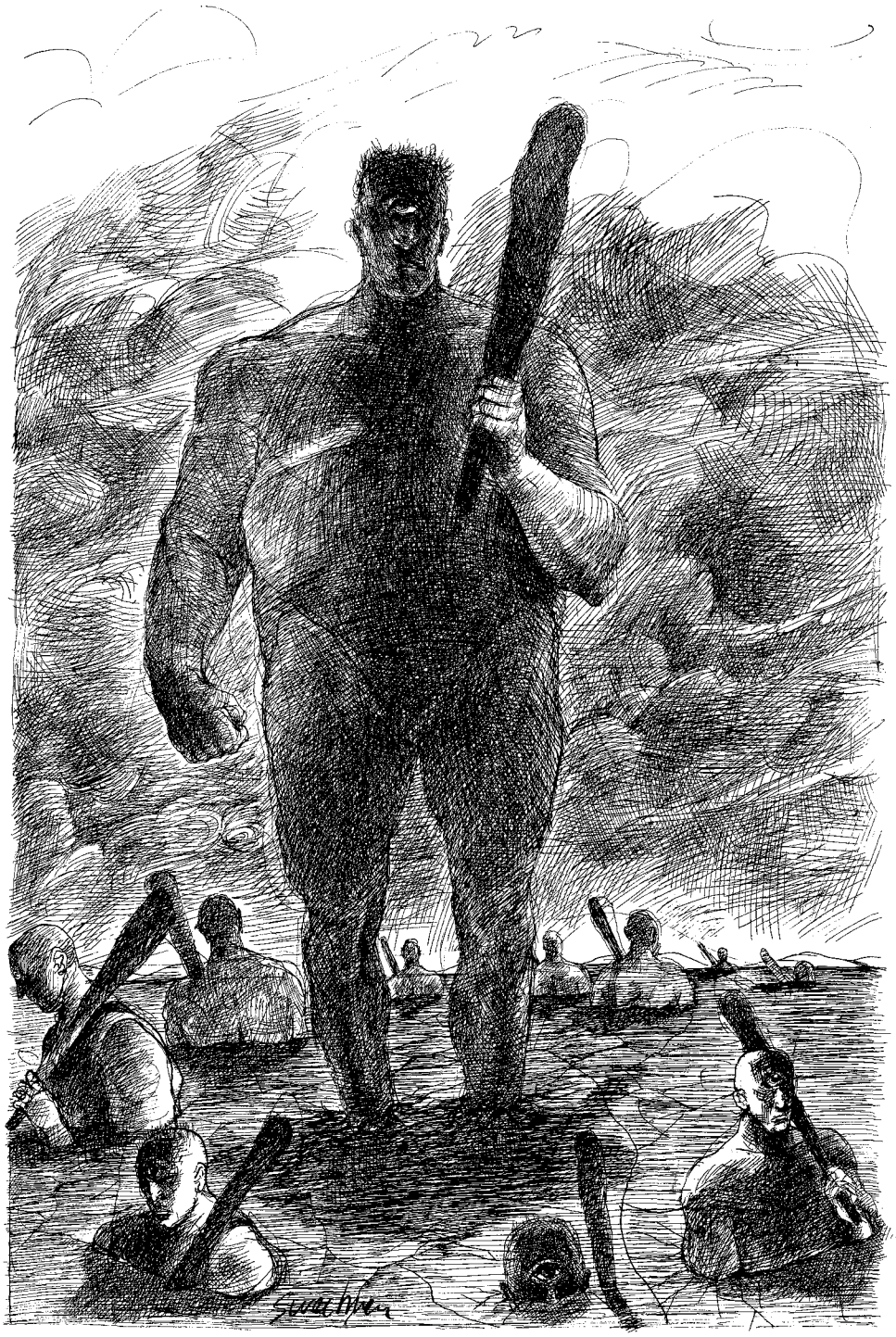

head, in a way that would have lasting (and unfortunate) intellectual impact throughout the 20th century.

The context was another furious British political debate, this time over the Boer War (1899-1902). The war inspired J.A. Hobson to write *Imperialism: A Study* (1902)—an absolutely seminal book. Hobson fiercely opposed the war, and from what he believed to be the circumstances of its outbreak, he came up with an entire theory of empire-building. Hobson now defined "imperialism" (a word with old bad associations) purely as the annexation of *foreign* territory by force. He argued that such annexation occurs when capital, unable to find sufficiently profitable investments at home, is forced to search for new areas of investment abroad. Thus Rhodes, Beit and the Rothschilds had conspired to bring on the war with the Boers because of their eagerness for safe investment in the great Rand mines, which lay in Boer (not British) territory.

Hobson may well have been correct in his analysis of this one particular war. But there are two aspects of his book to keep in mind. First, his "analysis" of "imperialism" was merely a thinly disguised *condemnation*, part of his polemic against the war. The point of his book was that the Boer War ought to be opposed because filthy capitalists (especially Jewish capitalists: Hobson was a ferocious anti-Semite) were spilling the blood of innocent Boer and British lads for their own purposes. Second, Hobson didn't hesitate to *generalize*: All empires, he proclaimed, derived from the greed of financiers for profits overseas. Hobson thus stands at the well-spring of the modern theory of "rational (i.e., profit-seeking) imperialism."

John Hobson may seem an obscure figure, but he deeply influenced someone only too familiar to us all—namely, Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. Lenin read and absorbed Hobson's *Imperialism*, often praised the book, and endeavored to take its ideas even further. Lenin argued that the European "imperialism" of the late 19th and early 20th centuries was not the product of special circumstances (as Hobson thought), but rather represented the *integral nature* of capitalism in its "final stage," a stage where (as Hobson described) the capitalists divided up the world for financial profit. And if "imperialism" was *integral* to the final stage of capitalism, then obviously reform was impossible; the situation could be ameliorated only by violent revolution, sweeping away the entire existing socioeconomic structure. These ideas were set forth in Lenin's *Imperialism: The Highest Stage of Capitalism* (1919).

Thus the ever-growing power of the USSR was put behind the ideas of Hobson and Lenin—as part, of course, of the political struggle of the Soviet Union against the West. Several results followed. First, since "imperialism" was defined as the final stage of

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capitalism, this meant that a "socialist" state such as the USSR could *never* be guilty of imperialism—no matter how far it expanded or how violent its methods. That is, the reality of Soviet imperial expansion was denied by definition. Second, since "imperialism" was the final stage of capitalism, as long as capitalist states and societies continued to exist *they* were "imperialist." Thus, the reality of the end of European overseas empires by 1970 could be denied—by definition. From this last intellectual sleight of hand derive such current theories as "neocolonialism," in which "imperialism" has ceased to be identified with territorial annexation and in which it is no longer clear *what* exactly the word means, other than a sinister European plot. Finally, and most importantly for our purposes, the Soviet *imprimatur* made Hobson's basic ideas attractive to very many thinkers on the left, who gave his theory of empire an extraordinary lease on life.

It is to this element of the intellectual tradition on "imperialism" that Ali Mazrui's *The Africans* owes its allegiance: The book is pure Hobson. To Mazrui, Africa is poor because the Europeans are rich, for the Europeans got rich by extracting surplus profit out of their possessions, out of their empires, as they had all along intended. And even after the end of empire, the "imperialist" exploitation continues, via the sinister machinations (i.e., investments) of the multinational corporations. For Mazrui, the consequences of this predatory, profit-driven imperialism can be ameliorated only by a vast transfer of capital "back" to the victims. And that is precisely the *political* agenda of the book: to create an atmosphere of guilt in the West conducive to the payment of such "reparations."

Astonishingly, Mazrui was allowed to propagate these views for weeks on nationwide television without rebuttal, via a presentation of *The Africans* on PBS ("Your Tax Dollars at Work!"). The reason this is astounding is that when one says *The Africans* is pure Hobson, one means that the book is decades out of date on the facts. That is, the intellectual tradition on "imperialism" is poisoned here not only because of the hidden agenda of the "analysts" of empire-for-profit, but also because their facts are just plain *wrong*. In fact, the British flag had simply *not* followed the flow of British monetary investment overseas.

The major British overseas investments in the 19th century had not been in Africa, nor in *any* of the areas that eventually wore British red, but rather in the U.S. and Argentina—areas where no annexation ever occurred. Similarly, German capitalists were notoriously reluctant to invest in the German colonies overseas. And some of the most prosperous European countries (for instance, Switzerland) never acquired empires at all.

Conversely, it cannot be shown that imperial control had impoverished the subject areas. If that were the case, then those areas *least* penetrated by European investors ought now to be the wealthiest; instead, they have remained the poorest (for instance, Ethiopia and Afghanistan). Moreover, those areas *most* exposed to European investment became not the poorest but the wealthiest. In a few spectacular cases in southern Africa, this was because of the exploitation of great natural resources. But more typical are the cases of Ghana or Sumatra. Both were primitive fever swamps in 1800; the Europeans *introduced* new cash crops (cocoa, rubber) and an entire economic and educational infrastructure; by 1930 both areas had been transformed unrecognizably for the better, *especially* in terms of the standard of living and life expectancy of the indigenous population. Finally, Hobson-Lenin could not explain the existence of the great empires of antiquity, none of which had anything to do with capital investment overseas, since capitalism hadn't been invented yet; they were run by land-owning warrior aristocracies.

It is obvious, in fact, that Hobson, eagerly followed by Lenin, made a mistake in attempting to generalize from the particular circumstances of one war, the Boer War: Their theories of the growth of empire did not work except in this one particular case, either as an explanation of causes *or* of effects. Yet the concept of "imperialism" as rational empire-for-profit has been such a useful stick with which to beat the West that it continues to be employed by hostile intellectuals such as Mazrui right up to this day.

The hard economic facts about 19th-century imperialism were carefully established by work done in the 1960's. But already 40 years previously the outline of economic reality was obvious enough to those who cared; this led to dissatisfaction with the Hobson model and a search for an alternative one. Here the lead was taken by Joseph Schumpeter in his crucial essay "The Sociology of Imperialisms" (1919). Schumpeter outlined the basic argument against Hobson and then went on to argue that one should instead see imperial expansion as an essentially *irrational* process and a throwback to a more primitive time. He defined "imperialism" as "the *objectless* disposition of a state to expand, a warlike disposition, an instinctual element of bloody primitivism." It was an unfortunate survival from earlier ages—"an atavism in the social structure and in individual habits of emotional reaction." Schumpeter held that capitalism and imperialism were *un*related, for imperialism derived precisely from the *pre*capitalist elements in society and psyche. Indeed, Schumpeter argued that capitalism and "imperialism" (as he defined it) were *antithetical*, for merchants want peace and free trade, not war, expansion, and protectionism. The dynamo behind imperial expansion was not the capitalist class but the old "warrior aristocracies" of Europe and their ideologies of militarist achievement.

As with Hobson, Lenin, and Mazrui, so too with Schumpeter the theorizing about empire was actually in the service of a particular political goal. Schumpeter was from *Mittel-Europa*; having seen the vast destruction wrought during World War I by the aristocratic "warrior classes" (generals and diplomats), he was calling in his "Imperialisms" for *control* of these precapitalist, primitive, and warlike elements within society.

But if Hobson stands at the source of "rational imperialism" (empire-for-profit), so Schumpeter stands at the wellspring of the theory of "irrational imperialism" (empire-as-neurosis). And this basic Schumpeterian thesis has had a long intellectual life. The reason: As it became increasingly impossible to ascribe imperialism to profit-seeking (of course, *some* people—the Ali Mazruis of this world—simply remained impervious to the data), a way had to be found

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both to "explain" and simultaneously devalue European empire. "Empire-as-neurosis" suited this need perfectly. If anything, the idea is more prominent now in the 80's than at any time since Schumpeter came up with it, fitting as it does the current fads for pop psychoanalysis and smug literary "deconstruction."

A typical product of this tradition—mentioned here because of its enormous influence as well—is Dominique O. Mannoni's *Prospero and Caliban* (1963), which was based on what we would now call a "deconstruction" of Conrad's *Lord Jim*. Mannoni agreed that the 19th-century imperialists clearly "rejected the morality of the account book": the reaping of profits didn't explain empire. He argued instead that the origins of "imperialism" were psychological. The imperialist, typically, was motivated by a disturbed sexuality and projected his repressed desires onto his colonial subjects, whom he transformed into external embodiments of *his* forbidden wishes. Thus in Africa, white men, fearing "the Negro in their id" (Mannoni's phrase), moved to control Africans, in reality, in order to control their fear of themselves. These "emotional satisfactions" constituted the *real* attraction of empire. Generally, this idea has gone hand in hand with an idealized picture of the Edens the imperialists found upon arrival in Africa or Asia—basically innocent and inoffensive societies that became, in turn, "projective surfaces" for twisted European fantasies. In other words: imperialism as European psychological sadism.

It is to *this* element of the intellectual tradition on "imperialism" that Raina Kabbani owes *her* allegiance: *Europe's Myths of Orient* is pure Schumpeter-Mannoni. The book is mostly a study of European travel-literature about the Moslem Middle East. Its thesis is that the European travelers were incapable of seeing the real Islamic culture in all its virtue and perceived instead only what they wanted (or in some cases psychologically needed) to perceive: bizarre violence and steamy sexuality. Such perceptions, brought back to Europe, devalued the culture of the Orient—which, in turn, made the European military subjugation of the Orient all the easier to justify.

There is a grain of truth: the European travelers' picture of the East tended to be superficial, and—as with all travel literature—their focus tended to be on *themselves* rather than on the landscape. But Kabbani is unwilling to give her Victorians the slightest credit for at least *trying* to understand a society that was both complex and alien: How many Moslems in the 19th century were engaged in similar study of Europe?

In any case, just how "fictional" was the picture of the East which the travelers brought back? Kabbani commits a major tactical error here by *never* explicitly informing the reader what the "deep reality" was which the European travelers supposedly missed—and against which she sarcastically judges their writing. Yet if the Europeans saw only the superficial and the obvious, it was nonetheless a real and perhaps even crucial part of the culture. Despotism existed, and despotic violence occurred; secluded harems guarded by eunuchs existed, and fascinated everyone; beggars and slavery were accepted as facts of life. (Indeed, Ali Mazrui's family were themselves major slave-traders on the east coast of Africa in this period—a fact Mazrui forgets to mention during his pages of castigation of the European slave-trade in *The Africans*.)

A good example of Kabbani's technique can be found in her discussion of *The Thousand-and-One Nights*. She suggests that translations of this Arabic work were always popular in Europe because the Europeans needed to project onto Eastern women an image of violent and insatiable sexuality, in order to devalue both the East and women. It was essentially a sinister plot, part of the construction of an "ideology of imperialism." But the fact is that *The Thousand-and-One Nights* was an immensely popular work in the Middle East *itself*; moreover, the European translations (except perhaps for Sir Richard Burton's) were *less* pornographic than the original Arabic. In other words: The hostile image of the violent and sexually insatiable woman was not only a truly Islamic image but also a very *prominent* one. The Europeans didn't make it up, or even exaggerate it, but simply reflected what they saw and were told.

Kabbani ends her book with a discussion of V.S. Naipaul's travelogue *Among the Believers* and somehow manages to imply that fanatical Shiite fundamentalism is a hostile fiction invented by the twisted and deracinated Naipaul! These things were there and are there in the Middle East, waiting to be seen. Despite Kabbani, they aren't "myths."

What we see, then, in *Europe's Myths of Orient*, is the politics of resentment masquerading as historical analysis. The same holds true, of course, for Mazrui's *The Africans*. Indeed, the examples of Mazrui and Kabbani themselves show up the major flaw in the theory of imperialism-as-psychological-sadism. According to psychoanalytic theory, *every* individual human being has hostile and aggressive drives and finds one way or another of expressing them (as Kabbani and Mazrui certainly do). But empires occur only at *specific* times and in *specific* places. So if the first phenomenon is such a *general* one—species-wide, in fact—then how can it explain the second?

At this point, one might be tempted to throw up one's hands at the condition of historical "analysis" of this whole topic of empire and "imperialism": The whole intellectual tradition here seems, in one way or another, a poisoned well. But, especially since the 60's, there has been a small scholarly countermovement towards objectivity (perhaps encouraged by the actual end of European empires). We may now be, in fact, at the beginning of a period in which real analysis, untainted by immediate political polemic, can once again be attempted. One sign pointing in that direction is the publication of Michael Doyle's *Empires*—the best modern analysis of the topic I have yet seen (despite its excess of sociological jargon).

Doyle begins by noting that the theories of "imperialism" that have held the field since 1902 have all been "metrocentric" theories: that is, they have explained the creation of empires as the result solely of the disposition of "the metropole" (the imperial state) to expand. And such "metrocentric" theories inevitably verge into "blaming" theories (true of Hobson, Lenin, Schumpeter, Mannoni—and true, of course, of Mazrui and Kabbani as

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well). But, Doyle argues, imperial expansions are in reality extremely *complicated* and extremely *varied* in nature. Moreover, recent researchers have tended to underline this complexity and variety by pointing out possible important factors in imperial expansion *other* than the disposition of "the metropole" itself to expand: namely, the actions of "the periphery," and the nature of "the international system" which the metropole confronts.

"Pericentric" theories of empire find the source of imperial expansion not so much in "the metropole" as in the character and behavior of the periphery that borders the metropole. Here on the periphery we often find weak and turbulent states, or weak but aggressive states (unaware, that is, of their own relative weakness). Such states may *compel* intervention, in order to restore order or to protect a frontier; or factions within such states may actually *invite* intervention, in order to retain their own threatened power. But in either case, it is not only the motives and actions of the metropole which are decisive.

The great virtue of such "pericentric" theories is that with them we are no longer confronted by evil "aggressors" and passive, innocent "victims" (moral categories), but merely by international "actors" of various sorts. But while Doyle finds the "pericentric" approach a useful corrective to the pure metrocentric theories, he also thinks (rightly, it seems to me) that it sometimes goes too far. "Pericentric" theories tend to ignore the *pressure* that comes from the metropole, a pressure which metropoles do often tend to *impose* on peripheries, even though the nature and the behavior of the peripheries may also seem to "invite" it.

Doyle is more impressed by the "international-systems approach" as a corrective to the metrocentric theories. The advocates of this approach argue that imperial expansion can be explained simply by combining the *factual disparities of power* between states with the existence of a prevailing international *anarchy*. Each state, they suggest, has identical strivings towards growth and power, and identical fears of decline and weakness; they struggle and compete against one another in a world without rules. Those states that are (for whatever reason) "more capable" inevitably begin to exert influence and power over those states that are (for whatever reason) "less able." And this makes sense, since the international system basically offers states only two choices: to dominate, or to be dominated. Imperial domination is therefore merely a natural and necessary result of relations between powerful and weak states, in an atmosphere of tense and ferocious international competition. In addition, imperial domination is, in the absence of any international guarantor of order, a perfectly natural and explicable exercise in self-defense.

As with the "pericentric" theories, the virtue of this approach is that once more we remove ourselves from a world of moralizing polemic (evil "aggressors" and innocent "victims"). Instead we simply see many different "actors," all with similar impulses, but with different capabilities. And the "international systems" approach does give due weight to the power *naturally* exerted by metropoles.

It seems pretty obvious that the best way to approach any specific imperial expansion is to see it as a *mix* of "metropolitan," "peripheral," and "international system" elements—a mix that will probably vary widely with the empire under discussion. At least Doyle has provided us with a coherent intellectual structure within which we can begin the *dispassionate* analysis of any particular imperial advance. This, needless to say, represents a long conceptual step forward (as can be seen in Doyle's own highly complex discussion of "The Scramble for Africa," which takes up the last half of the book).

But towards the end of his discussion of theory, it comes to Doyle like a revelation that the key to understanding the growth of empires may well be that some states simply are better constituted than others, internally, to withstand the pressures of the international competition. They simply seem to be more politically stable and better organized. And this *internal* situation gives them a great *natural* advantage in the ups and downs of international struggle.

What is striking about Doyle's insight here is that it is hardly new. On the contrary, it is (unknown to Doyle) ancient. Thus Polybius, the Greek historian of Rome's rise to world power, broke off his narrative of the Hannibalic War after the Roman disaster at Cannae; at this point he presented (in his famous Sixth Book) the reason why Rome not only recovered from military catastrophe but went on to conquer the world: It was the stability and order provided by Rome's constitution. This "mixed constitution," according to Polybius, was the best political constitution of any state existing in his own time. It gave the Roman Republic an enormous natural advantage in her competition with the other Mediterranean states, generating an internal stability that enabled Rome to absorb shocks and take on tasks that might have shaken other governments. This, precisely, is Doyle's insight—but Polybius was writing *in 150 B.C.* Similarly, modern "international-systems theory," so much more sophisticated and intellectually impressive than any metrocentric theory of "imperialism," has its origins in the work of Jacqueline de Romilly—work on the thought of *Thucydides* (who wrote ca. 400 B.C.). Thucydides attributed the rise and fall of Athens to differential power within an anarchic international system.

What enabled these ancient Greek political scientists to see the great complexities of international relations with such clear eyes and to write with such analytical dispassion? We can always, of course, take refuge in such ideas as "the genius of ancient Greece." But we would be better off looking instead at ourselves. At least part of the answer here is that these ancient thinkers, when analyzing the expansion of states, were able to work *unencumbered* by the corrupt modern history of terms such as "imperialism." (Doyle, incidentally, blandly and briefly defines "imperialism" as "the actual process by which empires are gained and maintained"—and then drops the term.) And it says a good deal about our century and its intellectual history that here at the end of it we are at last, and after great effort and turmoil, struggling to reach a level of sophistication concerning the analysis of empire that was originally achieved more than 2,000 years ago.

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Hemingway and the Biographical Heresy

by Thomas P. McDonnell

"Vilify! Vilify! Some of it will always stick."
—Beaumarchais

Hemingway **by Kenneth S. Lynn, New York: Simon and Schuster; $24.95.**

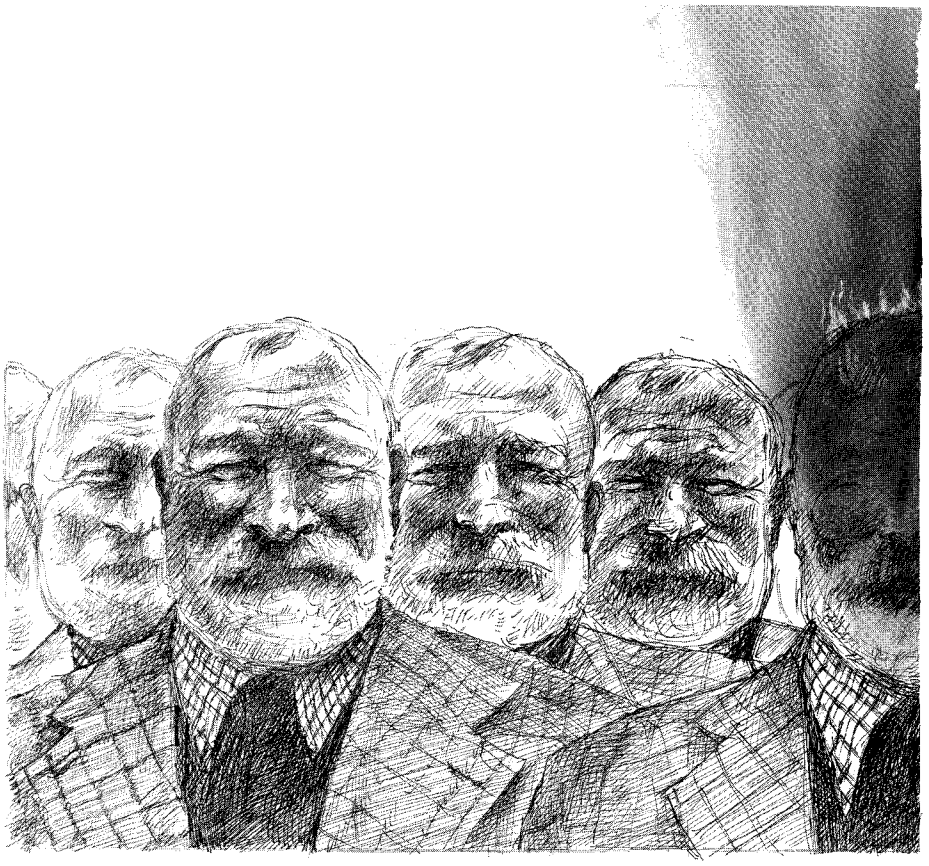
When I learned some time ago that the critic Kenneth S. Lynn was bringing out a book on the late Ernest Hemingway, hard on the heels of the large biographical study by Jeffrey Myers, I anticipated a reasonably cogent analysis of the stories, the several novels, and the most important of the nonfiction as well. Instead, what we now have on hand is more of the same—the gossipers and the neo-Freudian biographers pecking away at a life that was already shattered long before the man, in a moment of agony, became his own executioner. With that one shot, the myth of the public persona of Ernest Hemingway should have been put to rest forever.

But it hasn't been put to rest at all. It was of course Hemingway himself who was largely responsible for the creation of the myth of the author as undisputed macho in American letters, just as the poet Robert Frost had early passed himself off as our resident bucolic poet. We know that Hemingway had a bitch of a mom in Grace Hall, who dressed him in his sister's clothes and called him her "summer girl," but how does this bear upon the writer's great achievement itself? Hemingway is our only major writer who, after his first two or three books, has been savaged for not producing a masterpiece every time. This is the ploy of the cream-puff critics who think that writing is like a good commercial flour—guaranteed to bake a perfect cake every time.

I mean insufferable little snobs like Wilfrid Sheed and a whole clutch of other mean-spirited nitpickers, not to mention the big snobs themselves, of course—those biographers of Hemingway who would presume to bludgeon him down to size with overstuffed books. I think that we have had overmuch of judging the man instead of the works. There are infinite numbers of characteristics that we can serve up in order to make Hemingway look bad—but why should anyone want to do this, unless there are types among us who had long ago sharpened their claws for just such a job?

The fact is that Hemingway, despite the hairy chest and he-man facade, was what we should now call vulnerable. He was vengeful, a falsifier, a womanizer, a poseur, and accident-prone to a disturbing degree. But he was also a good companion, in many ways heroic and selfless, someone to count on when the going got tough. Though admittedly difficult, he was himself often abandoned by others when he most needed their help. He had that instinctive curiosity which the young writer must have, and he was among the first of the postwar Americans to recognize the relationship of modern art to the formation of a new prose style. In the current biographical assault, Hemingway has not been gauged, he has been gouged.

The gouging has been particularly noticeable when focused on the two Hemingway books that the critics seem most disposed to attack: one at possibly the low-point of his career, in *Across the River and Into the Trees* (1950), and the other at a brief but recoverable high-point in *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), each amazingly enclosed within a two-year period of publication. On the first of these titles, the vultures would descend at once. The curiously hesitant Wilfrid Sheed, however, waited until 1977 to announce to the world that Hemingway had "made a complete ass of himself" in *Across the River.* As for the latest big biographical assessments of the matter,



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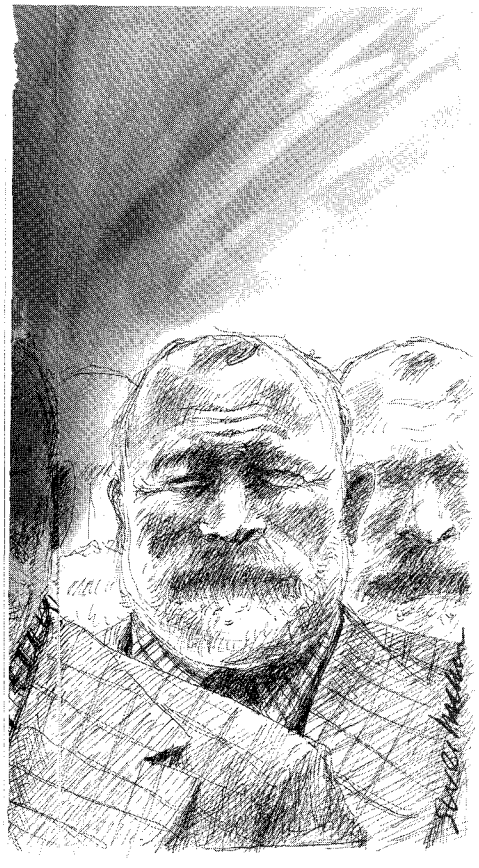
Kenneth Lynn proves to be fairer than Jeffrey Myers, whose discussion distorted the contemporary critical response to the novel. Myers fails to point out that Northrop Frye, for example, had correctly observed that, like many attempts by Hemingway in the form of the novel, this one "might have been a long short story of overwhelming power." Myers also failed to cite Evelyn Waugh's perhaps single most effective refutation of the vultures feasting on *Across the River*. In the 30 September 1950 issue of *The Tablet* (London), Waugh asked why they all hated Hemingway so:

> I believe the truth is that they have detected in him something they find quite unforgivable—Decent Feeling. Behind all the bluster and cursing and fisticuffs he has an elementary sense of chivalry—respect for women, pity of the weak, love of honor—which keeps breaking in. There is a form of high, supercilious caddishness which is all the rage nowadays in literary circles. That is what the critics seek in vain in this book, and that is why their complaints are so loud and confident.



Hemingway had already distressed the effeminate poets and Marxist partisans of the Spanish Civil War. He had clearly double-crossed the Stalinists in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940). An attack on Hemingway was not only easy but required, a decade later.

Professor Lynn is as misleading on *The Old Man and the Sea* as Professor Myers had been on *Across the River and Into the Trees*. The 1952 book is a miracle of American writing, a thing of incandescent strength and clarity, but its virtues, no less than its continuing popularity, fail to win over the academic critic. Professor Lynn wonders how a book could be so highly praised "that lapses repeatedly into lachrymose sentimentality and is relentlessly pseudo-Biblical, that mixes cute talk about baseball ('I fear both the Tigers of Detroit and the Indians of Cleveland') with the crucifixion symbolism of the most appalling crudity ('he slept face down on the newspapers with his arms out straight and the palms of his hands up')," and so on.

God forbid that any fiction in the age of Joyce Carol Oates should evoke the order of genuine feeling that Lynn calls "lachrymose sentimentality." Here is a long short story which moves on several levels at once, mainly of a resolute old age in relationship to the youth of the boy who loves the old man more than his own parents, and based of course on the wisdom of experience they have shared. The talk about baseball is not cute by any means; it is essential and savors of the great (and by the way continuing) Cuban love of baseball itself, and it deepens the bond between the old man and the boy. And, for God's sake, indeed, the old man slept at the end with palms upward because they were stripped bloody raw from the friction of the fishing lines. Lynn may never have gone fishing or, to judge from his writing, have ever done any work with his hands. *The Old Man* is one of the most remarkable examples we have in the genre of nature-writing on the sea itself. It is a story in which Hemingway gave to manly behavior the very delicacy of a feminine presence.

Lynn shares with Myers an appreciation for one of the finest brief memoirs in the annals of American literature, *A Moveable Feast* (1964), which, though slightly soured by Hemingway's own denigrations of some of his contemporaries, remains a superb piece of writing on the art of writing. It was Edmund Wilson who early recognized that when "Hemingway begins speaking in the first person, he seems to lose his bearings, not merely as a critic of life, but even as a craftsman." This is generally the case, no doubt, but it is also an insight which Wilson had recorded, in his outstanding essay on Hemingway in *The Wound and the Bow* (1941), long before the appearance of *A Moveable Feast*. For those who want to confront the central fact about Hemingway, this almost fictionalized memoir forces us to ask what kind of a writer he happened to be.

Ernest Hemingway happened to be a short story writer. Above or aside from everything else he wrote—the novels, the journalism, and the nonfiction—it is in the short story form that Hemingway excels and still maintains a high place in world literature. This is not simply to acknowledge familiar masterpieces like "Big Two-Hearted River," "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," or "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," etc., for it is also to recognize the short stories that are essentially contained in the several major novels themselves. *The Sun Also Rises* is several short stories, while the posthumous *The Garden of Eden* (1986) is several more. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* may be the only authentic novel that Hemingway wrote, and yet even that is diffuse and ill-constructed. Maxwell Perkins to the contrary, it is too bad that an editor more devoted to art than the marketplace (novels are more marketable than short stories) did not hold Hemingway to the form he was born to write.

The startling conclusion to all this is that with three major biographies of Hemingway already on the shelf—including, of course, Carlos Baker's groundbreaking volume in 1969—plus Peter Griffin's *Along With Youth* (1985), the first volume in a proposed trilogy, I repeat the startling conclusion persists that we do not have readily at hand a study of the author that is

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either critically autonomous or biographically satisfying. One can at least accept, I think, the *Hemingway* of Jeffrey Myers as the best of the crop so far; whereas it is most difficult, if not impossible, to accept Kenneth Lynn's *Hemingway* on any level, if only because, in both principle and practice, it so severely offends what C.S. Lewis has called "the personal heresy"—or, as we may call it here, the biographical heresy. The great Christian apologist and literary critic opposed any method of criticism which attempts to interpret imaginative works as autobiography. He disdained biographical criticism, as such, and said that in his opinion "all criticism should be of books, not of authors." Although Lewis applied this dictum chiefly to classical poetry, it may usefully be applied as well to the 20th-century prose of Ernest Hemingway.

Here we have, then, the incredible demand of biographers like Myers—and especially the pusillanimous Lynn—who lay down the law that the fictionist shall be disallowed to recreate his raw materials in anything other than strict biographical terms. Lynn's critical method is *to expose* Hemingway for not conforming to this ridiculous dictum. It was also typical of the *New York Review of Books* (August 13, 1987) to bless Lynn's practice of this curiously illiberal doctrine in its extended commentary, by Frederick Crews, of the Lynn biography. One might have guessed, however, that something was amiss when *NYRB* chose to draw attention to the article with the cover-title "Kinky Hemingway." Kinky he may have been, but surely not more so than some of the rest of us. In any case, so much for the scholarly approach.

Hemingway was a writer. In our century, he left us with a new way of storytelling. And yet here is a presumed biographer, Lynn, who seems incapable of dealing with his subject's most important works (*The Old Man*, for one) and who makes no attempt at all to put his subject's failures into perspective or to see in them any redeeming value whatsoever. It is hard to say this, but Kenneth Lynn has joined the faction of pimp-critics whose preferred aim is the depreciation of Hemingway's works through the continuing and undaunted practice of the biographical heresy: Expose the man; demean the works. A great deal has been made of Lynn's critique of "Big Two-Hearted River," which up to now has been regarded as an allegory for the healing of the hero's wounds sustained in war, partly supported by Hemingway himself. But the point is, who cares? Not even the remarks aside of Ernest Hemingway can destroy a good story or harm a superlative piece of American writing. The incredible paradox is that while the biographical critics have discovered that Hemingway was, after all, a terribly complex individual, they continue to treat him as an irreducible buffoon and to pervert the interpretation of literary works that have already earned their place as autonomous works of art. When Lynn or Myers can write a single paragraph as good as the opening sentences of virtually any Hemingway novel, when either can teach us as much of the human heart as the shortest of his short stories, and when they have learned even the rudiments of constructive literary criticism, then and only then we might be interested in anything they have to say on the subject of modern literature.

An American Prometheus

by Bryce J. Christensen

Rabi: Scientist and Citizen **by John S. Rigden, New York: Basic Books; $21.95.**

Sprawled on the sands of the New Mexico desert, Isador Isaac Rabi was witness on July 16, 1945, to a demonstration of scientific power so spectacular that neither his welder's glasses nor his analytical training could fully shield him from its awe-inspiring effects:

> Suddenly, there was an enormous flash of light, the brightest light I have ever seen or that I think anyone else has ever seen. It blasted; it pounced; it bored its way into you. It was a vision which was seen with more than the eye. . . . Finally it was over . . . and we looked toward the place where the bomb had been; there was an enormous ball of fire which grew and grew and rolled as it grew; it went up into the air, in yellow flashes and into scarlet and green. It looked menacing.

More than two years before this first test of an atomic bomb, I.I. Rabi had refused J. Robert Oppenheimer's invitation to serve as associate director of the Manhattan Project. Still, no one questioned his place among the leading American scientists who gathered on that summer night to observe the fireball that rose above Alamogordo. Though his services to the Project as a consultant were modest, everyone involved recognized Rabi as one of the pioneers who had pushed America into the forefront of modern physics.

In this wonderfully accessible new biography, John Rigden paints an intriguing portrait of this remarkable man. Though himself a physicist, Rigden writes an engaging narrative that allows the intelligent layman to feel something of the romance and adventure of Rabi's pioneering work. Extensive interviews permit the reader to hear Rabi in his own voice.

Trained in an outmoded classical physics at Columbia University, Rabi traveled to Europe in 1927 to learn the "new physics" he had been reading about in the professional journals. During the next two years, he worked in the world's leading research laboratories with some of the brightest minds in Europe—Neils Bohr, Wolfgang Pauli, Werner Heisenberg, Otto Stern, and Paul Dirac. As Rabi explained it, he needed his European experience not to learn the subject of subatomic physics but to acquire "the taste for it, the style, the quality, the tradition. We [Americans] knew the libretto, but we had to learn the music."

When he returned to take a position at Columbia University, Rabi knew "the music," and he was able to share the melody with other inquiring minds. Together, he and a handful of other American physicists propelled the United States into the leadership of the exciting new field. Rabi's breakthroughs in nuclear magnetic resonance during the 1930's won him the Nobel Prize in 1944, after receiving

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nominations for the award from Enrico Fermi and Albert Einstein. Nuclear magnetic resonance (NMR) not only clarified the structure of the atom, but it also opened a promising new technology for medicine, chemistry, and biology.

Despite his refusal of the position with the Manhattan Project, Rabi made a significant contribution to the American war effort during the 1940's. He directed research on radar that helped in the fight against German U-boats, that guided night bombings, and that coordinated carrier task forces. After the war, Rabi helped to establish the Brookhaven National Laboratory, while training a new generation of physicists at Columbia. Thrust into the national limelight by his Nobel Prize, Rabi helped to shape the national awareness of the political and social significance of modern science. He served as chairman of the Scientific Committee that advised Eisenhower on appropriate responses to the Sputnik launching, advocating the 1957 reformation of the committee as the President's Advisory Committee (PSAC) which gave the scientific community a stronger voice in the White House. Even today, 20 years after his retirement, Rabi speaks out on scientific issues affecting the nation.

Yet for all the admiration the reader feels for this accomplished man, doubts linger. In particular, the reader may wonder about how Rabi reached the conclusion as a boy that rational science made religion superfluous. "It's all very simple," declared a 10-year-old Rabi, "who needs God?" Rabi himself admits that his youthful turn to atheism gave his Orthodox Jewish family "a lot of pain," though he was "rather insensitive" to their feelings. In his mature years, Rabi did find a place in his thinking for Deity—but not for the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Rather, Rabi worshiped the God of Galileo, Newton, and Einstein. "When I discovered physics," Rabi told Rigden, "I realized it transcended religion. It was the higher truth. . . . Physics brought me closer to God. . . . Whenever one of my students came to me with a scientific project, I asked only one question, 'Will it bring you nearer to God?'"

Absent from Rabi's scientistic reli-

REVISIONS

Imperial Art

Native American peoples in North America displayed little talent for politics. Unlike the Aztecs, Mayas, and Incas of Central and South America, North American Indians constructed no states and built no empires. Even under the able and patriotic leadership displayed by Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, the plains tribes were unable to mount a sustained resistance to the white men who were turning their hunting grounds into farms and pastures. The greatest exception to this overstated generalization is the so-called Iroquois Confederacy, which was in practice an empire on the Roman model. After the chiefs of the principal Iroquois tribes in the Northeast decided to join forces, they began making a very simple offer to the various tribes and villages with whom they came in contact: Join us as allies or be subjugated.

Any imperial nation must have a commitment to itself and a willingness to make certain sacrifices. The closest European parallel to the Iroquois are the Spartans. Both nations elevated war and hunting as the preeminent pursuits; both despised all domestic matters, including much of what we would call politics; both were compelled to turn over much of their domestic management to women—the men simply didn't have time for such things as farming or haggling. In one respect, the Iroquois went even further than the Spartans. While the women of Sparta were treated with honor and respect, the Iroquois tended to denigrate their wives and to equate the feminine principle with all things cowardly and base. (They even used the feminine gender in referring to subjugated tribes.) The low status of women in Iroquois society puzzled the pioneering ethnographer Lewis H. Morgan, whose theory of social evolution lies behind Friedrich Engels' half-witted treatise on the origins of the family and society. Even Morgan, who observed the Iroquois 150 years ago and who believed in matriarchy, was appalled by what we should now call the "sexism" of the Iroquois. Feminists, of course, know better and often point to the Iroquois as an example of a woman-dominated society.

For nearly 50 years, William N. Fenton has been the leading authority on the Iroquois peoples. Growing up in upstate New York after World War I, Fenton became acquainted with Seneca neighbors. His grandfather was already collecting the "false faces" that were to occupy so much of Fenton's attention throughout his career. At last, in *The False Faces of the Iroquois* (Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press; $75.00), this professor emeritus of SUNY at Albany has put together a comprehensive monograph on Iroquois religious masks. It is a rare work of scholarship, intelligence, and affection. It is also a beautifully printed book, filled with striking photographs in color and black and white.

The false faces were used in a variety of religious ceremonies designed to purify the community or heal specific diseases. They are most prominent, perhaps, in the midwinter festival that resembles the European carnival in many respects. While the Iroquois have experienced many changes in the past 100 years, there is some evidence that they have not entirely lost the sense of their own traditions. On New York reservations, as much as a third of the inhabitants associate themselves with the longhouse, their traditional center of social, cultural, and religious life. There is even something of a traditionalist revival underway. It may be that for Indians to become fully American, they will first have to recover a sense of who they are as Indians. (TF)

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gion is any sense of human frailty or sinfulness. Missing, too, is any acknowledgment of man's need for redemptive grace. Like Prometheus, who stole fire from the gods with a fennel stock, Rabi wants to bring the powers of heaven within human grasp. "Mankind is puny and feeble," Rabi declares, "as long as it is ignorant. It is ignorant in so far as it is self-limited by dogma, custom, and most of all by fear, fear of the unknown." In Rabi's view, science gives mankind the knowledge and power for breaking these limitations.

But even Rabi expresses misgivings about the "menacing" nuclear fire he and his colleagues did finally coerce out of the atom. Morally offended by the bombing of civilians even with conventional weaponry, Rabi thinks that the destruction wrought upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki was "terrible." Though he did not object to the atomic bombings at the time, Rabi now feels that he shares "part of the blame, like every other American." To his credit, Rabi did oppose the development of the hydrogen bomb, arguing that there was a need for "some limitation on the totality of war." But, once stolen from celestial heights, Promethean fire has a way of jumping the terrestrial fire-breaks set to keep it within bounds: The United States tested the first H-bomb in November 1952.

In another way, though, Rabi and his colleagues resemble not Prometheus so much as the tower-builders described in Genesis 11. Like Rabi, the men of Babel wanted to draw "closer to God" through the assiduous application of their craft. In the end, though, modern scientists and ancient tower-builders share a similar fate. Rabi complains that "science seems to be no longer communicable to the great majority of educated laymen" and that even physicists have grown so narrowly specialized that they can barely talk to each other. Looking back over the last 30 years, Rabi laments that "there was a sharp drop-off of interest in physics among physicists other than for their own particular specialty. They became more and more specialized. . . . I felt the change was deplorable." The Orthodox rabbis Rabi left behind as a boy would not have been surprised: As the tower of modern science grows heavenward, the builders divide into babeling tribes. For all of the discoveries of Rabi and his colleagues, the new science has not displaced the wisdom of our most ancient stories.

Bryce Christensen is editor of The Family in America.

Selling Out

by Michael Warder

***Breaking the Ring* by John Barron, Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin; $17.95.**

"Sed quis custodiet ipsos Custodes?"
—Juvenal

On November 29, 1984, an FBI agent in Massachusetts took extensive notes from a long conversation with an alcoholic woman about the alleged Soviet spy activities of her former husband, John Walker. Barbara Walker initiated the meeting with a phone call on November 17. Her story was filed and forgotten. On January 24 Laura Walker, the Walkers' daughter, called the FBI office in Boston to ask why no action had been taken. The phone call was logged, and it too was buried. Finally, in February, a Boston FBI agent, making a routine three-month file review, noticed the initial report of Barbara Walker and sent reports to Washington, DC, and to Norfolk, Virginia, where John Walker lived. The FBI office in Washington, DC, buried the report. Fortunately, Joseph R. Wolfinger, director of FBI operations in Norfolk, saw the notice and set in motion the plan which led to the May 21, 1985, arrest of perhaps the most effective spy operation since the theft of the Anglo-American blueprints for the atomic bomb.

Breaking the Ring by John Barron is an easy-to-read story about the Walker family spy ring, how it was exposed, and its significance to the national security of the United States. With the advent of smiling Mike Gorbachev's policy of *glasnost* and the nine-month political orgy of the Iran/Contra hearings, it is difficult to recall the intense concern America had over Soviet spying just a short time ago. In 1984-85 the U.S. successfully prosecuted 16 spies—eight times the number in the 10-year period between 1966-75. In March of 1986 the United States demanded the removal of 105 Soviet diplomats at the UN in a phased withdrawal ending in April of 1988. The U.S. also shrank the number of Soviet diplomats to the U.S. from 325 to 251—the same as the U.S. had in Moscow. In October of 1986 the Soviets pulled out their 261 "workers" from the U.S. embassy in Moscow.

None of this has really made a significant change. Among the 2,100 Soviet bloc officials living in the U.S., about 1,000 are estimated to be spies—of course, many of the rest are suborned. These figures do not include spouses. The United States has about 300 to 400 FBI agents to track them.

In addition to their greater resources, the Soviet Union makes public heroes of their spies. Richard Sorge, a Soviet WWII spy, has his own postage stamp. Rudolph Abel, a Soviet spy in the 1950's, later traded for U-2 pilot Gary Powers, received the Order of Lenin. In the American culture, working for the CIA or the FBI borders on the disreputable at our major universities and perhaps even in the U.S. Congress. These are some of the reasons that explain why John Walker, a particularly venal mercenary, could operate for 18 years and was only caught when his former wife came forward.

Did Walker give away important secrets? All too often we read of Americans who have given away secrets to the Soviets for $3,000. In a nine-year period from 1975-84, John Walker gave his accomplice Jerry Whitworth 50 percent of the take, $332,000. That should tell us something about the value of the information.

After Walker, his brother Arthur, his son Michael, and Whitworth were apprehended, a story ran in the *New York Times* quoting government officials to the effect that what Walker got was "serious" but "not catastrophic." Senator David F. Durenberger, chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, said that "it wasn't of such significance that there's any kind of alarm." Would that it were so. James Alsup, a communications expert from the Judge Advocate General's Corps,

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said that "there are no cryptographic or communications data of any importance to which he did not have access. It means that if he gave them everything he could have given them, there is nothing of importance about the U.S. Navy they do not know." As Walker himself commented, "If I had access to it, color it gone."

Part of the problem in evaluating the extent of the losses is the arcane nature of cryptography. Vitaly Yurchenko, a high level KGB defector (who later redefected), summed up the Walkers' contribution: "If there had been a war, we would have won it." Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger concurred. In a speech given in April of 1987 Weinberger declared that the KGB considered this spy ring to be the "most important" operation in its history and indicated that more than one million messages may have been intercepted.

In addition to being able to read all top secret Navy communications, it is possible that with access to all of our Navy cryptography devices and over 1,200 daily key lists, the Soviets were able to break the communications for the other armed services and branches of government. The structure and logic of all these systems are closely related. Of course, it is always possible that some Army, Air Force, FBI, or CIA employee had already provided it.

Barron illustrates the value of the information by comparing it to Allied successes in WWII. By understanding only 10 to 12 percent of the Japanese communications, Admiral Nimitz defeated a vastly superior Japanese naval force at Midway. In that contest, we had no battleships against their 11; we had eight cruisers versus their 23, and we had three carriers compared to their eight. To know the "Japanese strengths, weaknesses, and intentions" greatly affected the outcome of this battle and throughout the war in the Pacific.

When in 1939 Polish intelligence delivered Enigma, the German cryptography system, they unquestionably hurt the Germans' air attack in the Battle of Britain in 1940. To know where, when, and in what strength the *luftwaffe* attacked made it possible to marshal resources in the most efficient manner.

In addition to providing the technical specifications for all key Navy ciphers and their daily key lists, the Walker ring provided the actual messages sent and received so the Soviets could check their deciphering. The ring also gave information on Navy targeting priorities, planned reactions to emergencies, threshold points for going nuclear, and detection avoidance tactics. This type of data obviously is not to be obscured by filling in some nifty new key list for a cipher. Barron believes the information given over 18 years was a major factor in the modernization of the Soviet navy.

That the exposure of the Walker ring depended on the decision of a suffering alcoholic woman is appalling. This weakness in counterintelligence is not a reflection on American agents, most of whom are exceptional, but on a strategic imbalance between Soviet and American intelligence forces: Our people are simply outnumbered three or four to one on their home turf. The CIA's counterintelligence used to be at about 280 in the 1960's, and it was reduced to 80 during the tenure of William Colby in the mid-1970's. According to the deceased James Angleton, former director of CIA counterespionage, it was never brought back to strength.

Security in the armed forces also has failed the challenges of the last decade. When John Walker was to be reinvestigated in 1971 for his security clearance, he forged his own investigation form, stamped it with a seal he bought for $2.98, and inserted the form in his

record. He was clear for another five years. When we spend $100 billion on 20 new Trident submarines and their weapons systems, it seems obvious that we should spend a small fraction of this on security in the armed forces and in counterintelligence. Tripling the number of agents would be a small price to pay compared with the benefits that would accrue from insuring the security of these multi-billion dollar weapons systems. One can only hope that Congress, once it has got the Iran/Contra hearings out of its system, will spend nine months on America's counterintelligence needs.

Michael Warder is executive vice president of The Rockford Institute.

BOOKS IN BRIEF—IMPERIAL POLITICS

The New Age Politics by Tobin James Mueller, Amherst, WI (318 N. Main St.): Amherst Press/Pinetree Publishing; $9.95. A libertarian manifesto for the coming age. Mueller has written a plea for individualism and self-responsibility as the only true forms of liberation.

The British Empire as a Superpower, 1919-39 by Anthony Clayton, Athens, GA: University of Georgia Press; $30. In the 20's and 30's Britain worked very hard to maintain her global presence. But, as Clayton points out in his carefully researched and exhaustive study, presence is not the same as power. Despite her failure, Britain's efforts were both honorable and effective to the extent that they shaped the outcome of WWII as well as the postwar struggle between the U.S. and the USSR.

Imperialism and the Anti-Imperialist Mind by Lewis Feuer, Buffalo, NY: Prometheus Books; $22.95. Feuer attempts to distinguish between good progressive empires and bad regressive empires, but at some points it appears as if the real difference lies in their treatment of Israel and Zionism.

War in the Middle Ages by Philippe Contamine, translated by Michael Jones, Oxford: Basil Blackwell. A very valuable comprehensive account of medieval warfare by a leading authority who has restored war to its proper place in the life of the period.

Austen Chamberlain: Gentleman in Politics by David Dutton, New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Books. Of three Chamberlains—Joseph, Neville, and Austen—Austen has received the least attention, despite his long and distinguished career in Parliament. A natural conservative, he was to some extent hampered by his family's liberal tradition. Dutton's biography—both scholarly and readable—offers insight into Empire's ruling class in its crucial period.

The Just Polity: Populism, Law, and Human Welfare by Norman Pollack, Champaign, IL: University of Illinois Press; $29.95. Pollack has done a good job of tracing the intellectual history of the populist movement, and this careful study may help to restore populism to its rightful place in American social and political history.

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West Beats East

***History of Herodotus*, translated by David Grene, Chicago: University of Chicago Press; $30.00.**

Along with Xenophon and Plutarch, Herodotus may be the most underappreciated writer of antiquity. His *Histories* (by which he meant something like "investigations") of the relations between Greeks and barbarians has more narrative power than most novels, more colorful incidents than any travel book, and more insight into human nature than any 1,000 works of sociology, psychology, or anthropology that one can name. His easygoing style is so good that it would be worth learning Greek just to read Herodotus, even if Homer, Plato, Sophocles, and all the rest had disappeared.

Herodotus' reputation was very great in the ancient world, where one of the most hackneyed literary discussions was centered upon comparing him with his "rival," Thucydides. One critic pointed out that while Thucydides chose to portray his people (the Athenians) in defeat, Herodotus took for his subject the great victory of the Greeks over the Persian empire. It is that story we think of first in connection with Herodotus—of the Athenians charging the Persians on the plain of Marathon, of the 300 Spartans holding the pass at Thermopylae, and of the great naval victory at Salamis. This cultural collision between East and West was as great as any in the history of the world, and it decisively determined the course of our own civilization. The Greek victory is partly responsible for the difference between a self-governed United States adhering to the rule of law and the regime of the Ayatollah Khomeini.

Since Herodotus preferred storytelling to argument, two anecdotes from his work can make the cultural contrast clear. First, the Persians. When King Xerxes decided to invade and conquer Greece, he made every effort to insure success. He assembled an enormous army and navy from throughout his empire; to avoid the problem of sailing around Mount Athos, where an earlier fleet had met disaster, he cut a canal around it and created an island. Even more impressively, he constructed a bridge across the Hellespont—the symbolic dividing line between Europe and Asia. When a violent storm smashed the bridge, Xerxes not only cut off the heads of all the engineers, he also gave orders that the Hellespont itself should receive 300 lashes and be branded with hot irons.

This was the Persian response to misfortune. Not long afterwards, the Persian army was halted at the pass of Thermopylae by a small force of Spartans and their allies. A Persian scout rode up and inspected the scene and reported back to Xerxes that he had seen soldiers combing their hair. The Great King was bewildered because he did not realize that Spartans facing death always pay careful attention to their hair. No matter how hard they tried, the Persians were unable to dislodge the well-groomed Spartans, until a secret pathway was betrayed to them. The allies were dismissed (except for some Thespians who refused to go), and the Spartans bought time for the rest of Greece by staying and dying, with their King Leonidas, to the last man:

> The Greeks, who knew that the enemy were on their way round by the mountain track and that death was inevitable, fought with reckless desperation. . . . By this time most of their spears were broken, and they were killing Persians with their swords. In the course of that fight Leonidas fell, having fought like a man indeed. . . . Four times the Greeks drove the enemy off, and at last by their valour succeeded in dragging it away. . . . They resisted to the last, with their swords, if they had them, and, if not, with their hands and teeth, until the Persians, coming on from the front over the ruins of the wall and closing in from behind, finally overwhelmed them.
>
> (*de Selincourt translation*)

Americans who recall the battle of New Orleans or the Alamo or Corregidor will have no hesitation in claiming the Spartans as their spiritual ancestors.

Most of Herodotus' work is not taken up with the Persian Wars. There are long sections on Egypt, the Scythians, and the conflict between the Lydian Kingdom and Ionian Greeks. Some of it borders on mere gossip because Herodotus seems to have cared less whether a story was literally true than whether it exemplified some theme of his work. He swallowed a lot of obviously silly things from the Egyptians, because he was convinced that in Egypt everything was done backwards from the rest of the world. In reporting the tales of "native informants," Herodotus proved himself to be the first great ethnographer as well as the first great historian. His "slipshod" methods have infuriated more than one professional historian, and the greatest classical scholar of modern times, Wilamowitz, managed to devote a book to every major Greek

LIBERAL ARTS

Who Says Literature Is Dead?

E.P. Dutton had trouble marketing *Red Snow* because its author, Edward Topol, could barely speak English.

> The solution was two-part: a transparent polyvinyl chloride (PVC) book jacket with a heat-sealed pocket full of white stage snow wrapped over a one-piece smooth white Permacote cover with the title stamped in blood red near the top. The jacket's snow pouch is placed just low enough to allow the cover title to show through the clear plastic. The result is a snow scene that complements the title and is reminiscent of scenes in glass balls filled with artificial snow that falls silently on models of trees and houses when the ball is turned upside down and then righted. Similarly, when shaken or turned, the "snow" in the jacket moves enough to create the impression of falling snow flakes.

The jacket will add an estimated 50-55¢ to the cost of the book—a sum close to what the author will realize. English lessons would have been cheaper.

—*from* Publisher's Weekly, *21 August 1987.*

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writer with the single exception of Herodotus. Still, he has his admirers, and modern college students cannot entirely resist his charm, try as they might.

Herodotus has been translated a number of times into English in the past 100 years. George Rawlinson's stately (but sometimes ponderous) version is available (slightly revised) through Modern Library, while Aubrey de Selincourt's brisk and readable Penguin is perhaps the most widely read. Enoch Powell, an important Herodotean scholar before he became an MP, also did a translation in the late 1940's. Why a new version, then? David Grene, in an introduction that may interest literary critics but supply little in the way of useful information to students or casual readers, declares that Rawlinson is "dull and prolix," while the Penguin "sounds exactly as though new-minted by a twentieth century journalist"—judgments that are neither fair nor polite to his predecessors. His own preference is for a tone that is "literary and whimsical." The only whimsy I can discern is in an odd preference for a stilted academic style and British diction (e.g., "corn" for grain). Consider this bit of whimsy: "So, penned in helplessness, Arion besought them, since they were so determined, to stand by and watch him while he sang, standing with all his gear on him. . . . " Or this: "Fear neither myself, lest I might suggest this as a trial of you, nor yet my wife." A student looking up the Greek words in a Victorian lexicon might have come up with such language, but more was to be expected from a University of Chicago professor and the University of Chicago Press. Fortunately, the $30 price tag will serve to keep it out of the hands of students. (TF)

States of Nature

by Peter J. Leithart

The Africans by David Lamb, New York: Vintage Books; $8.95.

A renaissance of American interest in contemporary Africa has been stimulated by media blitzes on famine-ridden Ethiopia and politically volatile South Africa, and by an award-winning film about a Norwegian adulteress's African farm. Among the current crop of books is David Lamb's *The Africans*, an update of a 1983 book. Lamb, who spent four years in Nairobi as a correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times*, provides an introduction to the 46 political entities—few have earned the exalted title of "nation"—of sub-Saharan Africa.

Lamb's description reveals that the dominant political reality of Africa is

tribalism. In this sense, the much-publicized but comparatively peaceful racial conflict in South Africa is microcosmic of a continental reality. In tiny Burundi, for example, the Watusi, a dominant majority, set out in 1972 to massacre the educated members of the majority Hutu tribe. In only three months, 200,000 Hutus were killed. Since independence, similar horrors have erupted throughout black Africa, as tribes vie with one another in bloody struggles for political hegemony, while much of the bloodshed remains unreported in the Western (and African) press. Tribes lacking political power inaugurate revolutions; paranoia leads dominant tribes to genocide. Politically, tribal Africa is a scene of unbelievable Hobbesian turmoil, of revolving-door regimes—an oversized Italy with guns and knives and cannibalism.

The answer to Africa's many problems, Lamb argues, is economic, not political. This is certainly sage advice, but he unfortunately undermines it in several ways. He calls for continued Western, state-to-state aid to black Africa because, in spite of the evident self-serving corruption of many African governments, "the concept of international aid remains a good one." Perhaps the problem is that aid is more than a "concept." In any case, Lamb seems ignorant of the work of P.T. Bauer and others, who have shown even the *concept* of international aid to be fatally and fundamentally flawed.

Similarly, Lamb recognizes that Africa's few capitalist countries are consistently superior to Marxist or socialist experiments, not only economically but politically and culturally, yet he advocates the development of "mixed economies." He insists that African countries need not "rush out and abandon socialism in favor of American-style capitalism," though the whole thrust of his observations suggests some such conclusion. Lamb urges an economic revolution but hesitates to encourage a capitalist revolution.

Despite these flaws, Lamb has been able to maintain balance in a book about the "Third World," which is no mean feat. While he believes that European colonization provided no enduring benefit to Africa, he also charges Africans with creating many of their own problems, so much so that the original edition of the book was banned in some African countries. Memorable, often firsthand portrayals of Africa's brutal comic-strip presidents and its one erstwhile emperor, finally, make *The Africans* a gripping read.

Peter J. Leithart is editor of American Vision.

"... may offend Yuppie internationalists."

— Paul Gottfried
Editor, *The World and I*

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Letter From South Carolina

by Clyde Wilson

AIDS and Public Morality

The AIDS plague should be approached temperately because, like the Kennedy assassination, it is one of those universally frightening phenomena that is likely to ignite the pool of vulgarity, hysteria, and kookery that lie just below the surface, among the high as well as among the low. Having casually followed the pronouncements of the government and media on this issue, I had been bothered by a mild nagging sense of distortion, disproportion, and disingenuousness. I had noticed this and passed on, for we all automatically edit the information we receive from the official press. And, alas, we have come also to take for granted the Reagan administration's uncertain trumpet, a persistent background static created by the opportunists, rootless ideologues, and saboteurs the President has chosen as his instruments.

Viewing recently a televised press conference by one of these instruments, Surgeon General Koop, I was able to put in focus what I had found unsettling in the official sources reporting on the AIDS epidemic. The Surgeon General's performance on this occasion was virtuoso. He was calm, detached, factual, succinct, and informative, exactly as he should have been. The false notes were in what was implicit rather than what was overt. I had the sense that in the course of an apparently frank presentation, the points that were most important, to me at least, were being preempted rather than discussed.

Least among these false notes was the blithe assumption that society (presumably the government) is obligated to assume the projected costs of "care" for the afflicted. Perhaps we must, but it does not seem to me self-evident why this should be. And what exactly is meant? That we are without discussion and decision obliged to place an open-ended burden on our labor and our children's patrimony to provide heroic treatment and optimum comfort for persons who are doomed, in most cases by their own acts, is an assumption that needs more in the way of supporting argument. This is, in fact, merely a subspecies of the normal liberal delusion that resources can simply be created by the government infinitely. What about diversion of resources from the more deserving or the less hopeless? Indeed, what about the rights of the medical personnel who, after all, are entitled to be free of involuntary servitude? The Surgeon General is right to warn of impending economic problems, but his framing of the issue tends to convert a tough managerial question into an unexamined claim against the decent part of society.

I am disturbed also by the recurrent emphasis on the prediction that AIDS may be about to descend in epidemic proportions on the "heterosexual" population. (Note the terminology which makes the deviant and the normal equivalent.) Since our official information is all carefully pruned of qualitative judgment, it is difficult to know exactly what the apparent statistical increase of the infection beyond the high-risk groups signifies. But as far as we can grasp at this point, it would seem it is confined, like all venereal diseases, primarily to the most depraved part of the population which is in contact with the high-risk groups.

It is right that we should want to help our fellow creatures, however depraved, but there is no use denying that there are limits to what we can accomplish, individually or socially, in saving persons of legal age who are bent upon self-destruction. However, from the emphasis that is placed by the media and bureaucrats on the danger which the "heterosexual" population faces, one gets the impression that we can momentarily expect an epidemic outbreak to descend mysteriously upon the populations of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart or the East Carolina Christian Academy. I have a suspicious mind, which our forefathers considered a virtue in a republican citizen, but could this be a ploy to frighten the public into immense expenditures to save the affected population or to devise means to prevent the high-risk groups from suffering in the future from the consequences of their "life-style"? Or to remove the stigmas from abominable behavior by suggesting that "it could happen to anyone"? If these suspicions are justified, then the Surgeon General's zeal to thrust condoms upon grade-schoolers is a piece of gratuitous tyranny.

In ancient times and among primitive peoples, groups were held responsible not only for their explicit acts (as when the Romans put to death or enslaved rebellious tribes) but also for those less tangible transgressions which were thought to have offended the gods. Our more immediate forefathers progressed to a more reasonable and humane way of life in which groups were not blamed for the sins of individuals but individuals were held to be rationally responsible for their acts and the consequences thereof. (Such an assumption was an implicit *sine qua non* of democratic government.)

We have now progressed to a situation in which neither individuals or groups are held responsible for anything. Whether it is crime, AIDS, corruption, or economic backwardness, no one is to blame; instead, we have all been victimized by some disembodied social "problem." (Though groups as such cannot be held respon-

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sible, for instance, for an excessive crime rate, they can be considered as groups when benefits are to be passed around.) Responsibility is so diffused it is unlocatable, which among other things renders democratic decision-making impossible. Thus, disease brought on by an irresponsible group is to be handled not by taking appropriate action against the group responsible and protecting the innocent, but by spending money and an unseemly intrusion into the lives of the innocent. In other words, a superstitious shifting of guilt. The problem will not be solved that way. It will probably get worse. But we will all feel we have done our progressive enlightened best. One would like to lay this confusion at the door of ritualistic liberals, but it is so pervasive that we must begin to suspect that it is an irreparable defect in the national character.

The SG and his confreres seem to suffer, too, from the American confidence in technical solutions. It is not at all clear to me why anyone should necessarily expect a cure for AIDS (except possibly those people who are any day now expecting a cure for death to be announced). There are plenty of incurable diseases and even if a preventive vaccine were found, a mutant version might emerge all the more rapidly.

At any rate, it would appear that behaving oneself will provide far better protection than a vaccine. But encouraging people to behave themselves as opposed to invoking every possible means to save them from the consequences of misbehavior has a low priority in public discussion. The authorities are anxious to convince us that AIDS is the consequence of a virus and not a punishment for Sin. In fact, nothing in the last millennium so obviously and surely is a punishment for Sin—that is, *unless* the danger of infection by nonsexual means has been deliberately understated by our authorities.

By all means let us pursue scientific measures where they are promising. But what disturbs me and apparently many others is the ignorantly secularist and technological thrust of the official presentation. The SG, or our own physician, should offer us technical expertise, but we also normally and reasonably expect moral advice where it is relevant. (The SG sees no problem with this when it comes to cigarettes.) In fact, a physician is falling short of his full duty if he offers an easy technical solution for the pains brought on by a moral failure, or refuses to recognize a behavior problem. To his credit, the SG has endorsed chastity, but neither he nor anyone else in public life can bring himself to condemn aberrant life-styles, even when they endanger the entire society.

The real clincher in the SG's performance was the recurrent motif that, in thrust if not in tone, rose from clinical description to moral imperative. We *must* remove the *stigma* from AIDS infection, he said, again and again. Now, there may be sound practical reasons for this suggestion: To drive the infected underground might make the work of the epidemiologist more difficult. This was mentioned, but clearly the imperative went much further than that. The SG believes it is *wrong* to stigmatize people for deviant behavior. This conclusion is not science, for science does not dictate values one way or the other. This comes straight out of the bountiful cupboard of liberal sentimentality. Even if we admit a degree of practical usefulness in encouraging people not to hide their affliction, does not the right of the innocent to be warned and thus protected far outweigh it? We have no moral obligation, per se, *not* to condemn AIDS sufferers. On the contrary, there *is* a moral obligation not only on the part of the authorities but on the part of the diseased person individually to warn others. Here we come up against a new version of the mentality that finds punishment of the murderer more real and shocking than the incalculable sufferings of his innocent victims. In my state there is now in custody an AIDS-infected drifter charged with multiple rapes. It is only a matter of time until we see federal judges contorting the laws and candlelight vigils of liberals, both mobilized to interdict just punishment from falling upon this person.

The priorities of the public health establishment, who are after all bureaucrats as well as "scientists," would appear to be (1) to protect the "community" of deviants from public outrage and discrimination; (2) to pursue heroic curative and preventive measures to save the deviant "community"; and (3) to protect the decent public, insofar as it does not conflict with Priority 1. Deprived of unqualified support at both the executive and legislative levels, the decent public had better hope that the priorities get rearranged somehow, *before* the disaster.

We are all sinners and fall short of perfection, and we are enjoined to stand ready to extend our hand to our repentant fellow creatures. But I do not detect very much repentance, as opposed to regret and resentment, among the representatives of the "life-style" that has put us all in danger. In fact, in heeding the admonition not to stigmatize, we are actually throwing up obstacles to repentance.

We do not know and cannot control all the mysterious springs of human behavior, and misfortune stalks us all. For persons who succumb to an occasional act of perversion under an apparently uncontrollable compulsion, or for persons who carry on an unnatural but responsible relationship, most of us can indeed muster a degree of sympathy if not approval. But it seems that the plague has been brought on not by these, who have always been with us, but by people who have engaged exuberantly and persistently in abominable acts, contrary not only to every law of God and man, but even in disregard of that compassion for other individuals which our liberals and libertines invariably profess to honor.

Some of these persons lived respected and well-rewarded lives in the public eye while engaging in the most promiscuous, destructive, and exploitive debauchery. Where were our great heroic investigative journalists? I stand behind no one in my respect for the right of privacy. I even sympathize with the earthy realism that urges us to overlook a modest amount of sexual delinquency as inevitable. But this sanctity of privacy does not apply when the delinquency is rampant and aberrant, or in the case of persons like liberal politicians, whose public position is based upon aggressive pretensions to moral superiority over those who disagree with them.

Not too long ago, Rock Hudson was widely accepted among us as a proper person to represent pilots, police chiefs, and other exemplary masculine figures. And all the while he lived an

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exploitive, irresponsible, self-indulgent, deceitful life. Even setting aside the perversions, a society that was operating with normal, healthy mechanisms of self-preservation would have extruded such a person from its midst long before. In a decent society Hudson would not have been tolerated, much less lionized. (Among other things, his case should be a lesson to anyone naive enough to regard the 50's as a time of greatness.)

If our scale of values is so warped that a less than adequate movie actor—shameless in his private life—is entitled to the ritual sympathy of public figures and the awed respect of the masses, then civilization no longer exists in North America, and our country is nothing but a collection of bipeds whose only distinguishable characteristics are a fascination with gadgets and a respect for money.

It was not too many years ago that when a man misbehaved badly his neighbors and co-workers were able to discern it and to exert pressure for reform. It did not always work, but it kept many of us better than we might have been. This sort of social pressure is far removed from the police state. It is, rather, the only alternative to a police state. Our establishment has managed in the last few years to remove the *legal* sanctions against many forms of behavior that have been offensive to the law and order of every Western commonwealth for centuries, and to render punishment mild or unlikely for many other behaviors that they have not yet been able to redefine as harmless life-styles. On this point the Surgeon is exactly wrong: *Stigma* is the only means society has left to protect itself.

It is not, usually, the fear of punishment that keeps our hand out of the till when no one is looking—it is our sense of right and wrong and fear of shame, which, if we are fortunate, is constantly reinforced by our fellows. It is not, in the last analysis, a soldier's pay or his training or his advanced equipment that makes him fight—it is the awareness that cowardice and betrayal are *shameful*. Without our sense of shame and outrage we are lost. It is not an outmoded superstition that we moderns have got beyond—it is the voice of the Almighty and the adhesive of human society.

Unlike the Surgeon General, whose righteous indignation is reserved for his conservative critics and the criminals who seek the consolation of an occasional smoke, I hope that my righteous indignation will always be proportionate, discerning, and amenable to forgiveness. However, when confronted with people who flout Scripture, law, tradition, knowledge, common sense, and common decency, I intend to reserve the right to cry "Shame!"

Clyde Wilson is editor of The Papers of John C. Calhoun *and professor of history at the University of South Carolina.*

Letter From South Philadelphia

by J. Michael Bolinski

It's mid-May, and Kate and I live in deep trepidation over the possibility that the Philadelphia Flyers will win the ugly looking, but highly coveted, Stanley Cup. Not that the town couldn't use even such a minor honor. Two years ago, the city was lambasted worldwide for fielding its own air force and killing 11 people in a bombing run over a residential neighborhood. We can use some positive press for a change.

Some weeks back, for example, the legendary basketball star Julius Erving was honored with a parade to show the town's appreciation for Dr. J.'s class and talent. But some of the city's young people skipped the chance to say hello to this role model, instead seizing the moment to riot and loot only seven blocks from the parade.

Except on TV, where it couldn't be helped, the press were forbidden to note that the looters were black. Discussion of the riot was reduced to liberal obfuscations on the poor preparation of the police, or the tendency of young people to get excited and carried away sometimes (never mind that one journalist witnessed a subway conversation which indicated that at least some of the youths were about to engage in premeditated acts of violence). We'll never know why they did it because mere discussion of such a topic these days would be considered a form of racism, while meek acceptance of abnormal and uncivilized behavior is progressivism at its finest.

In fairness, if the Flyers do win the Stanley Cup, there will be many out-of-control people in the streets, and it will be essentially an all-white affair, something the media also ignore.

Some of the worst excesses of the festivities will occur in South Philadelphia, where they will likely spill over from Broad Street—a major traffic artery, and the route of the inexplicable Mummers Parade held each New Year's Day—to our doorstep half a block away.

This won't be the official parade, mind you. It will be a spontaneous operation starting at the moment of victory, probably in the middle of the night. Kate and I are not thrilled at the prospect of drunken hockey fans hurtling through our front window. The Stanley Cup is a pale and fleeting glory compared to that sort of startling inconvenience and, in any case, we think hockey is a silly game.

* * *

Those who contend that the modern metropolis is ungovernable should visit South Philadelphia for confirmation, and not just on evenings when a sports team wins a lot of money for its members, owners, and TV sponsors. The rules here are different.

Illegal parking, for example, is a permanent condition on many of the streets, but a parking ticket is so rare that it is considered a major political development. It can attract a crowd of incredulous spectators, which may then turn into a block party.

A 24-hour steak and hoagie shop which attracts obnoxious characters at odd hours delivers free rolls once a week to neighboring residents to prevent any complaints to the police.

Residents who don't like the name of their street simply put up a sign with a name they do like. The block of Rosewood Street where former mayor Frank Rizzo grew up is recognized, by a sign and by tradition, as Rizzo Street by everyone except city bureaucrats and map makers.

Philadelphia is a city noted for clannish neighborhoods. When asked where they are from, Philadelphians name their neighborhood, not the city. Only suburbanites, for some un-

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known reason, say they're from Philadelphia. But South Philadelphia is clannish to an extreme—ask a South Philadelphian where he's from and he'll mention a particular street intersection.

Kate is originally from South Philadelphia (no, make that Broad and Oregon) and is used to all this. But my suburban sensibilities are being challenged by what looks to me like a more-than-mild case of anarchy in practice. The "teeming masses" are no literary allusion here. Up the corner, they're teeming all over the place, and at all hours of the day and night.

We live on an extremely narrow street in a rented house whose structural integrity is questionable. There is not a right angle anywhere in it or near it. A nail placed to hang a picture will either go completely through a wall and disappear into the foundation or else ricochet back out, striking an innocent cat on the ear. Operating the electric can opener and washing machine simultaneously courts the danger of a neighborhood blackout.

From our backyard, an eight-foot square swath of concrete, we can look in (or lean on) the window of the typesetting firm next door and watch South Philadelphia's own newspaper of record being put together by an army of paste-up artists, many of whom claim to be real artists waiting for the big break. At night, the high-intensity lights of the stat camera light up the backyard and alarm our dogs and cats.

From our front window, we can see the back side of the Woolworths and other stores on Broad Street, and here is a good example of how the rules work here. Eight families live on this one-way alley of a street, but dozens, perhaps millions, of truck drivers consider it a shipping and receiving dock, forever blocking it with smelly trucks (often at both ends and pointed the wrong way) while they unload whatever it is that Kate and I will find an irresistible buy later on at Woolworths. Most mornings, I have to depart for work traveling backward in the wrong direction.

Nonetheless, we like the house because, next New Year's Day, we will be a few steps away from the Mummers Parade and can retreat inside to warm up whenever we like, which is the only way to watch grown-ups with banjos and peacock feathers parading in the dead of winter.

* * *

Dodging cars stopped in places where cars aren't supposed to be stopped is one of the basic skills one must learn in order to live in South Philadelphia. You can spot visitors easily. They are the ones sitting in a long line of cars in the right lane, waiting for a light to turn green somewhere, unaware that they are sitting in an impromptu parking lot.

On-street parking spots in South Philadelphia are considered to be a form of private property. (Years ago, a campaigning pol was pelted with tomatoes in South Philadelphia because he had suggested a fee for residential on-street parking.) Nearby is a wide street so heavily populated that cars are parked three deep, each car always in the exact same place. If your Dodge is blocked in and it's time to go to work, Tony down the street knows that, and he'll move his car just in time for you to depart.

The logistics required to unravel the parked cars on a South Philadelphia street would baffle a Harvard-trained MBA who's done research on queuing theory. But it's no problem here, where generations of the same family live a few doors or blocks apart, suggesting that a genetic memory of the complex system of on-street parking is stamped on local chromosomes.

* * *

The culturati of South Philadelphia can be found, usually at 3:00 A.M. on a Saturday, at the Melrose Diner, a 24-hour operation that captures the essence of South Philadelphia night life, for this is where they all come after the bars are closed, the wedding receptions have run out of steam, or the police have shut down the block party.

It is difficult to describe the Melrose, except to say it would be no surprise to learn that George Lukas got the inspiration for the bar scene in *Star Wars* after eating there. Here high-life, low-life, and everything in-between meet on common ground, and the great sport is pointing out outlandish apparitions attempting to order bacon and eggs.

The Melrose (where 78 percent of the waitresses are named Pat and where waitressing jobs are handed down through generations of Pats) is one of South Philadelphia's great institutions, along with what suburbanites call the Italian Market (locals call it Ninth Street).

Ninth Street is full of stores and sidewalk stalls where you can buy some of the best, freshest and cheapest food in the city, as well as clothing that has been rejected by the thrift shops. You can get taken too, especially on Saturdays, when the tourists come in for a day of mingling with real people, and the locals stay home. You may have seen it in *Rocky*, which was set in South Philadelphia (though filmed mostly in another neighborhood, Kensington, probably because parking was easier there).

It's said that when Philadelphians (i.e., suburbanites) want to be tourists for a day, they skip the Liberty Bell and other historic attractions in Independence National Park and visit South Philadelphia instead. The big treat is to eat a cheesesteak, a legendary Philadelphia culinary invention made best in South Philadelphia, but only in private kitchens. The awful secret of the Philadelphia cheesesteak is that you can't buy a really good one anywhere. You've got to make your own, or you've got to know somebody who can do it for you.

M·O·V·I·N·G·?

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A tour of South Philadelphia is incomplete without a weekend evening visit to the Triangle Tavern, a bar and restaurant where the band and singer are criminally inept, know it, and revel in it as much as the crowd. The elderly singer takes every opportunity to sit one out with a drink while a patron fills in with a song or two (if at least two band members can be persuaded not to have a drink with the singer).

The best part of the act is when the drummer, a man with a seven-inch-high artificial pompadour and old enough to know better, does an awful and funny impersonation of Bruce Springsteen. It's better than the real thing, especially at these prices.

* * *

Next week, we'll be treated to a primary election. There are two major Democratic contenders, W. Wilson Goode and Edward Rendell.

Goode, the current mayor, has a number of firsts to his credit—first black mayor, first mayor (so far as I know) with an MBA from The Wharton School, and first mayor to launch a tactical air strike to evict a group called MOVE—an unruly house full of people who disapproved of the existence of civilization as we know it.

Eleven members of MOVE, including five children, died in the resulting fire that consumed two blocks of homes in a black, working-class neighborhood, but very little of the smart money says Goode will be held responsible by the voters, especially many black voters who feel frustrated that the first of their own people to reach the mayor's office may have poisoned the well for those who might follow. Sandy Grady, a local columnist who writes from Inside the Beltway, reports that out-of-towners are amazed that Goode hasn't been impeached, let alone that he has a good chance for reelection. It could be that Philadelphians don't have a chance to forgive or not forgive because they forgot so quickly.

Rendell, the former district attorney, recently lost his shot at the governor's job, and one of the hot issues is whether or not Rendell promised Goode he would not run against him in the mayoralty. If Goode is boring because of his style, he is at least fascinating because he is the object of so much heated debate over his performance as mayor. Rendell is just plain boring, and is perceived by many as an untrustworthy opportunist.

In South Philadelphia, the focus for the first time in memory is on the Republican primary. Registration in Philadelphia has been overwhelmingly Democratic (by four to one) since the dawn of time, and more so in South Philadelphia, where the major blocs are the blacks and the Italians. The focus has shifted because Frank Rizzo, one-time mayor, one-time police commissioner and loser to Goode in a comeback try in the last Democratic primary bout, is now the endorsed Republican candidate. At last count, some 35,000 people had become Republicans just for the fun of being in this fray.

LIBERAL ARTS

Out of the Mouths of Babes and Communists

"The deeper, more profound second thoughts tens of millions of Americans are having about Iran-Contragate will begin to crest just as the primaries get under way. This will inevitably turn the 1988 elections into a pitched battle between the ultra-right and the all-people's front and a referendum on the Reaganite conspiracy. . . .

"It is obvious to all realistically minded people that, in practical terms, defeating the Republican presidential candidate in 1988 means electing a Democrat. . . .

"However, the present seven, possibly eight or nine, candidates in the Democratic primaries will divide key segments of the independent forces and basic sectors of the all-people's front. . . .

"The maximum unity on policy and the minimum disunity over personalities is decisive to controlling divisions in the primaries. This tactical approach will allow the independent forces to push, pull, and pressure the candidates they support toward policy positions corresponding to the consensus positions of the labor movement, peace forces, the racially and nationally oppressed communities."

—from Gus Hall's report to the 24th national convention of the Communist Party, USA, printed in People's Daily World, *20 August 1987.*

Rizzo is the pride of South Philadelphia, or at least of white South Philadelphia. He has been branded a racist and right-winger in the past, and is noted for his zingers (or gaffes, depending on the observer). When told of Gary Hart's challenge that the press would be bored if they followed him around, Rizzo remarked that anyone who followed him around would never be bored. Indeed, both those who love him and those who hate him would probably agree that he's the only local politician in memory who truly excites people. Philadelphia pols, as a group, are generally dull (often dull-witted), even the corrupt ones.

Rizzo goes up against John Egan, who is one of a generic brand that's become dangerously popular in recent years—the "businessman" who can make government work more efficiently. Candidates like Mr. Egan ought to recall two things. To begin with, most businesses, large and small, are badly run—a leading cause, the experts say, of bankruptcy. Second, the rare person who is truly competent in managing a business ought to stay put and contribute what he can to the GNP, not figure out more businesslike ways to drain it off into the swampland of government spending programs.

I'd sooner handicap a field of three-legged horses with blind jockeys than guess the outcome of the primaries, especially since the phrase "race is not an issue" has been repeated so often by so many people that it surely must be an issue by now, and one with unpredictable consequences.

I'd very much like to see a rematch between Rizzo and Goode in the general election because the styles offer such a great contrast. Goode speaks in a plodding manner, full of MBAisms and endless interruptive phrases like "in fact" or "at this point in time." It's like hearing someone read the pamphlet from an aspirin box.

Rizzo is bombastic, with a real talent for inventing state-of-the-art grammatical constructions that would confound Yogi Berra. Local pundits have dug out their old copies of "The Sayings of Chairman Frank," a collection of Rizzoisms published by liberal interests to embarrass Rizzo when he was the most powerful politician in the city through most of the 70's.

Goode has the technocrat's blind

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faith in "programs" to "address issues." Rizzo has faith in himself and, I would guess, believes that the anarchic energy of a city doesn't make it ungovernable, it just makes it difficult to govern without a strong leader to act as a lightning rod to redirect some of that energy.

While I'd like to see that rematch, it's only because I consider such political contests to be a form of entertainment, much like local television news programs. If someone put to me the serious question of the future of Philadelphia government, I'd suggest that we abolish the office of mayor and let the Philadelphia City Council run things on its own. Whenever one of its members goes crooked, it's done so stupidly that they get caught, and if they engage in actual policymaking, they do it cleanly and efficiently—by means of fistfights in council meetings. Now *that's* entertainment, South Philadelphia style.

* * *

On the drive back from a pleasant visit with the horsemen of Pocono Downs the Sunday before the primary election, we learn that the Philadelphia Flyers lost the first game of the Stanley Cup finals to the Edmonton Oilers. South Philadelphia goes about its business on the verge of tears, but Kate and I are feeling optimistic about the future, no matter who the next mayor turns out to be.

J. Michael Bolinski is a communications consultant in Devon, Pennsylvania.

Letter From the Heartland

by Jane Greer

After Vatican II; Drinking the Holy Spirit Neat

It's Charismatic Prayer Sharing, Thursday nights at 8:00 P.M. in the Community Room of the large Catholic church I attend with my family. Because I've been wanting to learn to pray better, I went recently.

Lou, the man I'd talked to on the phone, walked over and greeted me. Another, Stan, a seraphic, unkempt, round little man with a wooden cross on a leather thong around his neck, traveled the room hugging people and bestowing upon each a great boisterous "Shalom!"

Before the meeting, facilitator Lou—possibly the world's kindest man—explained to me and several other newcomers what might happen. "We're going to listen to a tape of singing and some speaking. Let the Spirit flow into you. Afterwards, we'll have some testimony from various people, and then you might hear speaking in tongues, you might hear prophesying, you might see miracles. When people prophesy, they do it in the first person, but remember that it's not *them* speaking but the Holy Spirit speaking *through* them." Lou then led us in one of the evening's many prayers beginning, "Oh, Lord, we just ask that you . . . "

He turned on the tape, and immediately half of the group of 30 raised their hands in the air, palms open and up, beseechingly. I'd seen an occasional parishioner do this at my little Episcopal church, but it always seemed out of place, self-conscious, show-offy. Here I felt odd and embarrassed. We sang and listened to uplifting words for nearly an hour. The whole point of the tape was that our purpose in life is to praise God, and I can buy that. A few of the songs spoke of lying down before the Lord, and at those points Stan stretched himself full-length on the linoleum.

When the tape was finished, Stan, a presence at the front of the room, hands folded on his chest, forefingers to his lips, raised his head and sang out, "O my people, how many times do I have to remind you that I love you? And how many times will you question what I ask you to do?" At least that was the gist of his message, which went on for five minutes. A sensible-looking woman whose job it was to take notes on the prophesies became a prophet herself: "O my people, I will shelter you, you will be safe. Do not fear. In me is your refuge." All solid biblical stuff. A priest (the church's priests weren't there) read Bible verses which didn't seem to fit (but then I don't always see the connection between the first and second readings and the gospel, either, and I'm used to taking such things on faith).

A woman stood and said, "I don't know if this should come now or later, but I have a strong feeling that someone in this room is having leg or knee problems tonight, in the left leg. That's all," she added self-effacingly, and sat down. Group: "Praise the Lord!" Lou said, "Okay, is there anyone here with pain in the leg or knee tonight?" A man sitting next to me said he was experiencing pain in his left leg, a problem that had been recurring for years. "Praise the Lord!"

Lou, who wore a loose, lace-up medical slipper on one foot, confessed, choosing his words thoughtfully: "Last week the Lord told me to do something, and I disobeyed. Then I woke up a few days ago, and my foot hurt. I don't remember doing anything to it, but it got worse and worse, and it hurt so bad today that I went to the doctor—*and he couldn't find anything wrong with it!*"

"Praise the Lord!"

"I know now that God is trying to get my attention, to chastise me for intentionally disobeying him last week. So now I'm asking for your forgiveness--and I'm *really asking* for it, my friends."

"You're forgiven, Lou! We forgive you!"

"And I know that with your forgiveness and prayers, I'll be healed tonight."

"Praise the Lord!"

A woman on my right began calmly enough—"I've been coming here for a long time, and for years I've been telling you about my husband's illness, and you and the Lord helped me through it"—but then broke down. "Well, last week I went to Rochester, and they said I have cancer, and they're trying to keep it from going into my liver, and I have to take chemotherapy, and it hurts so bad, and my hair's falling out, and I'm so ashamed because I'm losing my faith! Why does all this have to happen to me!?"

Three or four women ran to her and laid their hands on her. One of them announced to the rest of us, "The Lord's just told me that Anna's going to need at least 10 people to walk with her and help her get through this. Not just one, but 10. Are there 10 people here who are willing to help her?" I squirmed; what did she want? Prayer, or visits, or minute-by-minute com-

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panionship? Several others stood up, but most of us didn't. The ones who remained seated raised their palms to Heaven. Lou, sensing the dilemma, made haste to say that we were to *pray* for Anna, to let the spirit of the Lord fill us. Stan, hands to forehead: "I'm not sure what this means, but the Lord has said to me that you should change your name from 'Anna,' which means 'bitter,' to 'Mora,' which means 'I praise God.'"

Lou moved closer to Anna and put his hands on her stomach: "Oh, Lord, we just pray that you'll heal our sister. Satan, I bind you and cast you out from Anna's stomach. I bind you and cast you out from her liver. Lord, we just ask you to heal Anna's cancer, and to make her—what are they called?—white corpuscles healthier. Lord, we just pray that you'll restore our sister to perfect health." Their sister was in her 70's. Some people spoke in tongues, and the group prayed over Anna for 15 minutes.

Then the man with the sore leg got up and sat on a chair in the front of the room, and they put their hands on him and prayed in tongues, and the women whom the Lord had told about his pain measured his legs and felt them and prayed over him. Stan helped to jog God's memory of how Man is made: "Ask the Lord to make the joint healthy," he reminded Lou. And, "Remember to ask the Lord to heal the surrounding tissue." Lou thanked him and obliged.

When they were done, Lou sat down in the chair, and the man with the sore leg (I wasn't aware of any miracles that night), along with Stan and a fashionable, vivacious young mother who'd brought her five-year-old son, prayed over his sore foot. Several others, including an intense teenage boy who spoke in the most elegant tongue imaginable (some peoples' sounded to me like maracas or cats moaning after a fight), prayed over a 50-year-old man who had had a crippling disease for much of his life. "O Lord, we just ask that you heal our brother, let him walk upright, without crutches." The man looked unexpectant but grateful for whatever might come his way.

Jane Greer edits Plains Poetry Journal.

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Facing the Untoward in a Memphis Men's Room

I guess I should have known it would be an odd trip when the pilot told us as we were approaching Memphis that we could expect "a little choppiness, but nothing untoward." Untoward?

I was going to Oxford, Mississippi, last spring to lecture at the University of Mississippi's Center for the Study of Southern Culture. I did that and made the usual calls. I pigged out on biscuits and gravy at Smitty's and catfish in Taylor. I stopped by Square Books, where the owner, Richard Howorth, will shoot the breeze with you, if you want to do that, or leave you in peace to drink coffee, smoke your pipe, and read Fred Chappell's poems, if you'd rather do *that*. (*Chronicles* is on the magazine rack—that's how good a bookstore Howorth runs.) At a truck-stop in Senatobia, I picked up a couple of cans of Sun-dried Mississippi Pos-

REVISIONS

Eastern Approaches

"Bow down to the Khan, or be destroyed."

—Mongol message to their neighbors

"How did the Mongols," asks Thomas T. Allsen in his book *Mongol Imperialism* (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press; $35.00), "acquire the needed manpower and materiel . . . to implement the mandate of Chinggis Qan 'that the Tatars should conquer every country in the world'?" As Allsen points out in his Introduction, the 13th-century obscure, unpopulous Central Asian horde reached the borders of Austria and Japan, Egypt, and Indonesia within a single generation and carved out "the largest contiguous land-based empire in human history."

Allsen's answer raises many parallels with the present Soviet Empire: "[The Mongols]," he says, "[were] able to mobilize effectively the human and material resources in areas under their control." But what Allsen doesn't explicitly mention is the price of this mobilization: When the soldiers of Mongke Qan stormed Baghdad in 1257, they drove in front of them herds of captured Tajiks (Persians), using them as a human shield. This practice (in the 8th century, Avars drove their Slav subjects similarly against the walls of Constantinople), combined with other, time-tested forms of Asiatic mob control, did reduce Baghdad, and its entire population was put to the sword.

In their battles against the Germans in World War II, the Soviets exhibited the same attitude. According to Guderian and other German generals, in the 1941-1942 fighting before Moscow, Soviets advanced in dense masses, with rear, unarmed ranks picking up the weapons of those who were mowed down in front. (It took Lend-Lease to supply the Soviet war machine with the hardware for the 1945 victory.) In Yugoslavia, Tito's partisans were surprised to discover that Soviets did not bother clearing minefields before an advance—they went straight on, usually drunk, and calculated their losses as if against stiff enemy resistance.

It is doubtful whether many courtiers of Bela IV knew where Mongolia was or who the "Tartars" were; they had trouble enough keeping track of their immediate enemies, a few miles down the dusty roads of medieval Hungary. Yet, the Mongols did not lack information: Their spies, often Khazars, Levantines, or even renegade Europeans, meticulously collected data on their potential prey. This, too, should sound familiar to Americans who don't think of the USSR, Iran, or China as being somewhere on the moon. In the opinion of many writers, it was only the death of Great Khan Ogadai, Genghis Khan's successor, that saved large

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portions of Western Europe from the fate of Russia, Poland, and Hungary—which were all overrun by the steppe horsemen.

Neither more numerous nor technologically superior to their opponents—certainly less civilized than most of them—the Mongols, like their predecessors the Huns, the Avars, the Bulgars, the Magyars, the Turks, as well as their successors, the Ottomans and the Soviets, came out of Asia disregarding both their own and others' losses, in mindless pursuit of power. The advantage they had over their adversaries was not even ideological (as in the case of the Arabs, or the Communists); the pagan Mongols won and kept on winning because they were hardier than any of their neighbors. For nomads who spent their lives on horseback and in yurt, drinking kumiss or the blood of their mounts, dying meant little more than a chance for transcendence through heroic song.

When the Congress of the United States conducted its "Irangate" hearings, the present-day heirs of the Great Khans of Central Asia must have chuckled. Despite all the scholarly efforts of men like Thomas T. Allsen, a constant thread of Western indifference remains. When the Bolsheviks took over Russia, less than a division of Allied soldiery were thrown at them, as opposed to the superhuman efforts to defeat the Germans, a European, kindred people. Allsen's chronicle of the "policies of Grand Qan Mongke in China, Russia, and the Islamic lands (1251-1259)," even without many of the insights offered by less erudite authorities (Allsen, for example, fails to mention either the origin of the Assassin name [Hashishin] or the similarity of their actions to those of their descendants, the Ayatollah Khomeini's Shiites), we should be grateful to Allsen for setting down the facts.

For people who find our times "different from any in history," all talk and reading of Mongke or of anyone not alive in the USA is an exercise in futility. After all, technology is supposed to safeguard us from evil, even if our courage, clearmindedness, and hardiness should fail. It is rare in history that germs are recognized for what they are—for Europe (including its colony, America), Asia was always a seedbed of destruction, where ripples started, ending in tsunamis that wiped out millions. If Mohammed's locust-eating nomads could reach France in a century, and Batu Khan's savages could pillage the environs of Venice, we should not be surprised to see an Ayatollah (or a Mahdi, or whoever) threaten us in earnest, once again, in one of our unguarded moments. Historical memory reaches far, and, for the Chinese, Mongols, Arabs, Turks, or Persians, that is often all they have. (MS)

sum ("Killed by a truck on Highway 51 north of Nesbitt"). Back in Memphis, I swung by the Rendezvous for a mess of ribs, said howdy to the ducks at the Peabody Hotel, returned my rented car, and checked into the airport motel for an early Sunday morning flight.

Just a routine trip to North Mississippi. Nothing untoward.

But the next morning, in the airport men's room, I did run into something strange. I was minding my own business (believe me). A character with a gray flattop haircut, a pallid beer-belly visible beneath the bottom of his tropical print shirt, was shaving at the sink. He spoke.

"Worst trip I ever had in my life."

I was the only other person there, so he was obviously speaking to me, but my mama always told me not to talk with strangers in public restrooms. So I tried my best to look sympathetic, without actually *engaging* him, you understand?

"Yeah, I could write a book."

Well, I had no choice, so I asked where he'd been.

"Been down to Costa Rica. Going back to Anchorage—Alaska? Got robbed down there. Whore took all my money. Five-fifty in cash and another 1,500 in travelers' checks. Left me $27. Worst thing was, she took my return ticket. Had to buy a new one—pay full fare. Costing me 500 more from Memphis to Anchorage than the deal on my old ticket. Had a great deal. . . . Weather was lousy, too. Heat wave. Hottest weather this time of year for 12 years. Some said 30, but I think it's 12. Sweat just running off me. Couldn't breathe. Come from the North like me, you're not used to that stuff."

"Be glad to get back home, huh?" (He was between me and the door.)

"Oh, yeah. But the trip was a success. Real success."

Now I was actually getting curious. "How's that?"

"Went down there to find a wife. Took an ad—you know, in the newspaper. 'Seeks companionship. Possibility of permanent arrangement in the U.S.' Sort of thing. Forty-one replies! Interviewed eight or nine of them. Meant to do more, but just too hot, you know? Women are desperate down there, get to the States. Beautiful women, too. All ages. Had 'em 15 to 49. Had one gal, 25, spent three days with me. Bathed me three times a day. Kissed me and everything. Walked around with me, you know, holding hands. Her 25! And me—" He shook his head. "That's the kind of wife a man needs, you know."

I asked if he'd found any keepers.

"Yeah. Gonna marry her. The oldest. She's 49. I'm 65, you know—we'll be more compatible."

What was she going to make of Alaska weather?

"Oh, we talked about it. I had a picture book, you know? Big color pictures of Alaska. I told her, she gets cold, put on more clothes. Down there, I get hot, what'm I gonna do—take off my skin? No, she'll be all right."

Another patron came into the men's room, which inhibited me, if not my new friend. Besides, I saw my way clear to the door. I told the man I was glad his trip hadn't been a total loss.

"Oh, it was a winner. A real winner. I just had a hard time."

I thought about this episode most of the way across Tennessee. And of course I thought of all the questions I

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should have asked him. Like whether he'd been married before, and whether he spoke Spanish, and how he got the idea, and how the 25-year-old took the news that she hadn't made the cut. I wasn't meant to be a reporter, obviously.

I thought, too, of a *60 Minutes* special I'd seen on the subject of off-the-rack wives. The predictable people had produced the predictable responses, and I hadn't learned much from it except the extent of the practice. I remembered that my reaction had been to reflect that this kind of thing has been going on for as long as there've been frontiers. Is the problem (say) too few women in Australia, too many in England? Too few in Minnesota, too many in Sweden? The answer suggests itself.

But this is different. The current traffic in wives doesn't result, like the old, from demographic imbalance. It speaks instead of economic crisis in the Third World and cultural—well, shall we say "strain"? —at home. There's obviously a U.S. market for old-fashioned girls, and the Third World is well on the way to cornering it. Do I hear calls for protectionism?

This is a sad business, in so many ways. It's sad, obviously, that a young Costa Rican woman is so desperate to get even to Alaska (Alaska!) that she'd invest three days and what's left of her pride in cuddling with a physically repulsive gringo old enough to be her father—hell, in Costa Rican terms, old enough to be her *grandfather*.

But spare some sympathy, if you can, for a lonely and unattractive man who wants someone to help him face old age and the long Alaskan nights—a man with so little going for him that he's surprised and delighted when women treat him nice, even though he knows perfectly well why they do it. A guy, moreover, who has no one with whom to share his surprise and delight but a perfect stranger in the Memphis airport. That's sad, too.

John Shelton Reed writes from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and still believes in waltzes.

Letter From Albion

by Andrei Navrozov

A Technical Point

The event known as the accident at Chernobyl will be remembered by history for the scarcity of contemporary information about it in the world at large, a degree of ignorance far more remarkable than the event itself. The event, after all, was diagnosed as an accident, which made it interesting to the antinuclear left; was it not to their advantage to obtain accurate reports on the scope of the disaster, or perhaps even exaggerate its magnitude? As a catastrophe on Soviet territory, the event was of interest to the country-club center; after all, was this not a major industrial failing, symptomatic of the decrepitude of the Soviet technological, and hence military, potential? By procuring more data, the left might have been able to influence Western atomic energy programs as well as nuclear defense strategies, while the center's argument might have helped to convince the right that increased defense spending, unlike good Bourbon, is unnecessary.

But—unbelievably(?)—none of this has taken place. Neither the left nor the center has unearthed any facts beyond what the Soviet reports contained, and even on the right speculation was only slightly ahead of Soviet misinformation. While not as complacent as the center's, the attitude of the right revealed that it had fallen into an ancient Soviet trap. To make the mistake of distinguishing between the civil and the military in Soviet Russia would mean admitting that the failure was civil and thus of no real importance to the West; not distinguishing between the two would mean that the failure was a sign of Soviet military-industrial decrepitude, and hence Western fear of Soviet might was exaggerated.

Yet is it really possible to come to wrong conclusions concerning Soviet military-industrial might in the face of all available information? If the "civil" nature of Soviet atomic power can mislead the West into accepting Soviet representations at face value, what about such "civil" projects as space exploration? Is it surprising that, until its strategic relevance was impressed upon the public mind by the SDI controversy, the West had all but forgotten about space?

On May 15, the Soviet rocket "Energia" took off from Tyuratam, beginning a new era in space technology. Two hundred feet tall, it can lift nine times as much as the American space shuttle, up to 270 tons. Its 170 million horsepower engines, according to European experts, are far more sophisticated than any Western competitor. It can launch a space station 78 times higher than any satellite ever launched before, 22,500 miles. According to Alan Bond, head of space propulsion at Britain's Atomic Energy Authority in picturesque Culham, near Oxford, "My colleagues and I are convinced that the Russians are now years ahead along the path of space industrialization and poised to gain benefits which would give them economic leadership of the world." In 1986, the year of Chernobyl, 103 missions from all nations reached Earth orbit. Ninety-one of them were Soviet.

On July 25, "Cosmos 1870," a bus-sized platform weighing 18 tons, was successfully put into orbit. It is much larger than a similar platform planned by the U.S. for 1996. Circling the earth every 90 minutes, the craft can, for example, take pictures of astonishing accuracy. A Soviet official, quoted in the *Times* of London, explained the advantages from an appropriately civil point of view, comparing the "cartographic" equipment with its U.S. and French competitors: "On Landsat data you can see a steamship, Spot would reveal the ship's deck, but with Soviet data you can see the lifeboats." Mr. Bond, Britain's leading expert in the field, has made the following statement to the press, which says it all: "From the launch of the first Sputnik in 1957, every rocket and engine the Soviets have developed has been state-of-the-art and ahead of everything else in the world."

But let us return to Chernobyl. The starting point for any detached speculation about the whole affair is the known fact that the affected reactor, one of the 27 such reactors in operation on Soviet territory, was an RMBK-1000, a uranium-graphite "canal-type" reactor used for breeding plutonium. This explains the Soviet motive and places the April 25, 1986,

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event in a proper context. The explosion took place in a military facility—one of the plutonium farms where nuclear warhead material is harvested—that is, one of those 27 camouflaged as "civil," industrial reactors. This is clear if only because Soviet engineers know as well as anyone that in reactors of this kind the complex labyrinth of zirconium steel tubing drastically increases the number of control points and the attendant risks of failure. But the plutonium is, quite simply, worth it.

I have before me an unpublished article written on the subject by Igor Gerashchenko, a Soviet physicist who was in Kiev in 1986. I dispense with the technical side of his analysis (referring the reader to monographs like *Thermal Radiation Heat Transfer* by Robert Siegel and John Howell) and cite his conclusions.

The April 25 explosion ejected into the atmosphere "no less than 152 tons of radioactive material," eight times the mass of the Hiroshima bomb. The Soviets say that 31 people have died, not 70,000 as in Hiroshima or eight times that many. Yet 116,000 were evacuated, while the average Soviet life expectancy is 65. It follows that of the evacuees alone, over the next 14 months, 2,080 people died of *some* causes. How many more died a "natural" death under the conditions of forced evacuation? Here the magnitude of the Soviet lie is a modest 1:100.

Radiation levels measured by Dr. Gerashchenko in Kiev at the end of May enable him to calculate it for the affected area as a whole. His conclusion: 15,000 dead and hundreds of thousands terminally ill. These figures, America's right, left, and center should know, represent Soviet ability to sacrifice civil concerns for the sake of military objectives. They represent resolve, not decrepitude. A milligram of plutonium for the life of an average man is a good deal, and, if anything, the West's inability to understand this is a measure of its own decrepitude.

Andrei Navrozov is poetry editor of Chronicles.

VITAL SIGNS

STAGE

Resolutely Abstract

by David Kaufman

The avant-garde, according to those who are supposed to know, has been entering the mainstream, but the commentators busy cataloging this development for future art historians seem to have forgotten that "avant-garde" and "mainstream" are mutually exclusive terms. Once our present has become past, it may become clearer that the greatest artists of this period are not the celebrated painters and playwrights we hear so much about but those responsible for their celebrity: the media packagers and press agents, always adept at bending definitions and abusing language to serve their own ends.

If the avant-garde is suddenly finding exposure on your local TV network, in your neighborhood mall, or at your downtown theater, then maybe you should question how avant-garde it is anymore. It would not be the first time in history that the unconventional has become popular.

In a curious way, the so-called art known as avant-garde in recent decades tends to be without substance for both those who are perpetrating it and those who are embracing it. Much of its appeal for the masses depends on its being arcane: a puzzle that only some can solve, a religion that only some have discovered. It delights in exploiting competition: that sense of I-saw-it-before-you-did or I-understand-it-even-if-you-don't. While Spalding Gray and Whoopi Goldberg and Eric Bogosian all have something to offer, their reputations always suggest that they are newer and more different than they really are. The media response to their work seems carefully to avoid comparison with Ruth Draper, Shelly Berman, Phyllis Diller, or Lenny Bruce.

After his mid-70's landmark opus, *Einstein on the Beach* (a collaboration with composer Phil Glass), and his ongoing fiasco with six self-contained works collectively entitled *The CIVIL WarS*, Robert Wilson is probably the preeminent name of avant-garde performance art. His name alone inspires awe. Even as the availability in English this year of Cocteau's Diaries reveals that perhaps this artist's greatest genius was for self-promotion, in Wilson we can see a similar phenomenon at work.

A perfect demonstration of the hype surrounding Wilson occurred last year when the Pulitzer Prize committee made something of a fool of itself. For the 13th time in its 70-year history, the Pulitzer board did not elect a winner for drama. But the three-member subcommittee for Drama indeed *had* recommended a single work to the board—one which no one anywhere has ever seen—Wilson's epic, *The CIVIL WarS: A Tree Is Best Measured When It Is Down*. As explained by Michael G. Gartner, a member of the Pulitzer board, "I felt very leery of awarding a Pulitzer Prize, with all the prestige it carries, to a performance no one on the board had read or seen or

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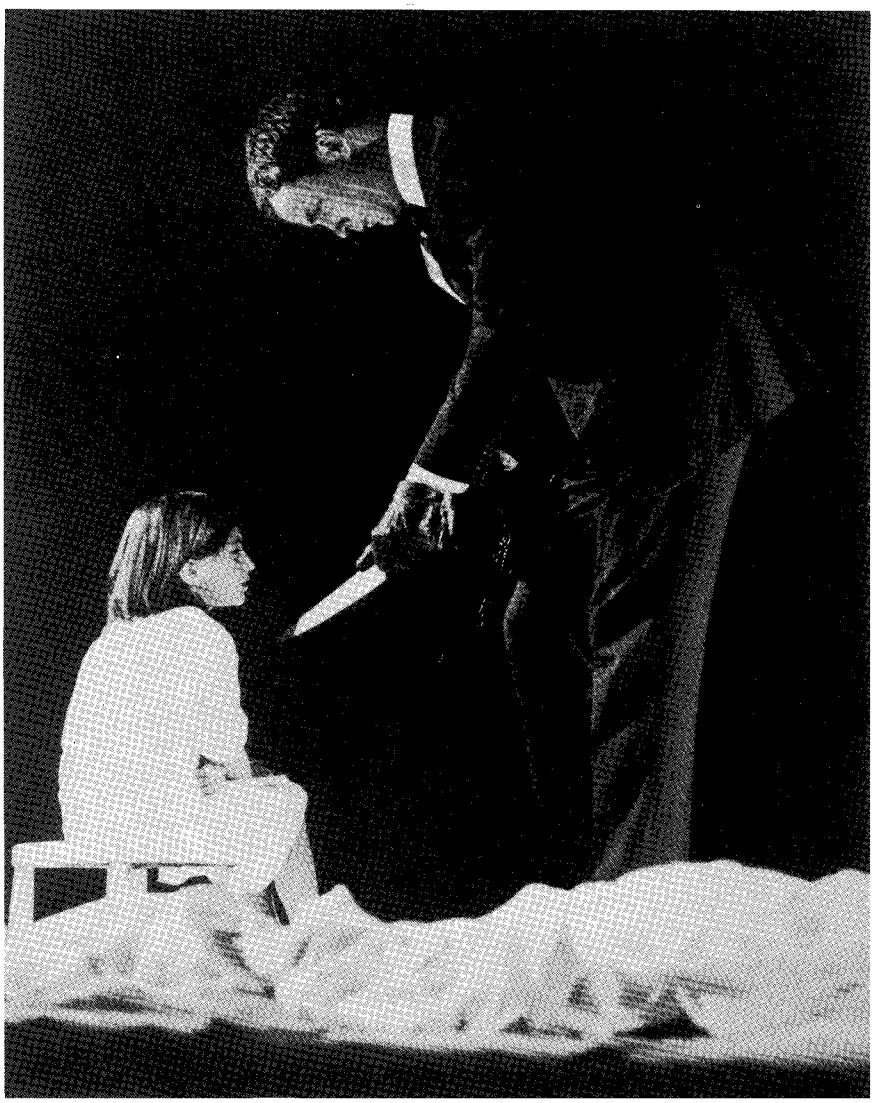

Robert Wilson and child, in Overture to Act IV of Deafman Glance.

was able to see."

Whatever that says about the Pulitzer Prize committee, it speaks even more about Wilson's reputation. The chain of events becomes particularly ludicrous since it's next to impossible to review a Wilson work from its script alone—usually there is none, in the standard sense.

Wilson's career is also remarkable in view of his background. Born in Waco, Texas, in 1941, he was working towards a degree in business administration when he left the University of Texas to study architecture in New York. The architecture degree he subsequently received from Pratt Institute proved perhaps less relevant to his theater career than the business acumen required to raise the funds for his pieces. But neither business nor architecture would be cited as influential on his theatrical concoctions as much as his experience with autistic and handicapped children (without dwelling on it, some have related this to his own stuttering as a child). In fact, portions of the text for *Einstein on the Beach*, which some consider the most important theater event in our lifetime, were written by an autistic youth.

Wilson's reputation peaked in 1976 with *Einstein*, an epic, intermissionless, four-and-a-half-hour opera that had two showings only, during its American premiere at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. (Previously, it was performed in France, Italy, Yugoslavia, German, Belgium, and Holland.) In retrospect, that unusually limited exposure proved sufficient to form what can only be summarized as a cult surrounding the event. As Samuel Lipman has observed since, it "managed, in two 1976 performances . . . to enter into the consciousness of artistically knowing New Yorkers. A measure of the fame the work has gained with the passing of time is that so many people now claim to have been present that these performances must have been given, not at the Met, but at Madison Square Garden."

The *Einstein* legend received renewed life when the Brooklyn Academy of Music (that bastion of the avant-garde) produced a replica revival in 1984. A PBS hour-long documentary, based on the BAM production and first broadcast in January 1986, played no small part in extending Wilson's fame. But as one critic noted at the time, the PBS offering "is a compromise: a souvenir for those who know the work, an artfully constructed sample for those who don't." At best, it inadvertently uncovered the greatest irony concerning Wilson. At the height of our technological evolution, here is Wilson—a maestro of avant-garde theater who has introduced a level of technology previously unknown to the stage, yet is limited precisely by the nontechnological, ephemeral nature of his chosen medium.

But Wilson's works are limited as well by the inordinate resources and funding they usually demand. To return to *The CIVIL WarS* as a case in point, it was conceived in the early 80's as a 12-hour extravaganza, consisting of six segments. (Wilson originally schemed a 16-hour work, which is less outrageous than it sounds, in view of an earlier work that took three days to perform.) Originally, it was to enlist six different countries to produce, finance, and execute each part, before bringing it together for the first time during the Olympic Arts Festival in Los Angeles in 1984.

But even after it had been pared down to eight hours with additional cuts pending, the five million dollars that had been raised proved insufficient to realize the Los Angeles project. The world premiere of the complete work was abandoned amidst much controversy. It resurfaced last fall in Austin, scheduled as part of Texas' 150th anniversary, but once again the 6.2 million dollar budget

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could not be met; so it was canceled, despite the efforts of the de Menil family, "one of his principal patrons."

As far as can be gathered, the Japanese and French segments have yet to be performed in anything other than workshop productions, while some portions have shown up in the last two years at Robert Brustein's American Repertory Theater in Cambridge, at Lincoln Center, and at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, mostly to negative reactions. In the meantime, Wilson has been busy. Only this year he has premiered his idiosyncratic version of *Salome* in Milan and an even newer work, *Death Destruction & Detroit II*, in West Berlin, which has become his regular outpost.

In the summer of 1986, under the auspices of New York University, he presented an unusually modest but particularly evocative and successful version of Heiner Muller's *Hamletmachine*, some months after his more massive, if critically panned, *The Golden Windows*.

Wilson's *Hamletmachine* was virtually a 30-minute play repeated five times. Each time, the entire set is rotated 90 degrees to the right. The actors repeat their methodical (and mechanical) motions accordingly, so that the "Woman in swivel chair" who had her back to us in Act I has her right side towards us in Act II.

In keeping with this scheme, the first and the fifth acts are offered from identical perspective. But during the first, not a word is spoken. In fact, the ostensibly simple tactic of repetition becomes vastly more complicated than it appears, since Wilson releases Muller's script sporadically throughout, and different lines are spoken in different acts.

It's hard to write about Robert Wilson without sounding like a press agent. His career is like his works—ubiquitous, enormous, and defiant. Hyperbole and superlatives are not only appropriate but unavoidable. But there is also much about Wilson's performance that suggests obfuscation.

As if to confirm that the avant-garde has entered the mainstream, a revival of a segment of one of Wilson's first works, *Deafman Glance* (1970), appeared at Lincoln Center mid-summer as the premiere event. Although Wilson has had a number of his pieces performed at Lincoln Center in the past, this revival was part of a larger program with the express purpose of bringing a fiercely "downtown" work to a wider, "uptown" audience. Even so, it remained far too tedious and unrewarding for a number of attendees who stormed up the aisles and out of the theater before either of its two performances was over. (Frank Rich found it "desultory" and "intellectually banal.")

Earlier in the Lincoln Center program, Wilson himself explained that his *Deafman Glance* was based on the work of Dr. Daniel Stern, a psychologist at Columbia University. "He had made over three hundred films of mothers and their babies in natural situations where the baby was crying and the mother would pick up and comfort the child. When these films were shown at normal speed, that was what we saw. But when they were shown frame by frame . . . what one sees in eight out of ten cases is that the initial reaction of the mother in the first three frames . . . is to lunge at the child and that the infant is recoiling in terror. . . . When the mother is shown the film she is horrified and responds, 'But I love my child! I want to comfort the child.'"

Overture to the Fourth Act of Deafman Glance occurs in silence for its 90-minute duration while it depicts a parental figure who first nurtures and then murders two children in sequence, with the activities performed in slow motion. It requires roughly 10 minutes for the black-clad parent to pour a glass of milk, another 10 minutes to carry the milk to a child seated motionless in a chair only five feet away, another 10 minutes to return to the child and mortally stab him in the neck or chest (the child's back is facing the audience). This entire ordeal or sequence of events is repeated for a second child who is sleeping in a bed on the other corner of the platform; and all is performed with a noticeable lack of expression or emotion.

If this unit from Wilson's *Deafman Glance* functions neatly both as a historical artifact and as a succinct introduction to his work, it also reminds us that Wilson is more suggestive and evocative than he is declarative or precise. Part of the controversy surrounding Wilson is that his detractors abhor what his advocates applaud: his refusal to be clear beyond being abstract.

In his critical autobiography, *Music by Philip Glass* (New York: Harper & Row), Glass writes about his genesis of *Einstein on the Beach* with Wilson. "In a sense, we didn't need to tell an Einstein story because everyone who eventually saw our *Einstein* brought their own story with them. In the four months that we toured *Einstein* in Europe we had many occasions to meet with our audiences, and people occasionally would ask us what it 'meant.' But far more often people told us what it meant to *them*, sometimes even giving us plot elucidation and complete scenario. The point about *Einstein* was clearly not what it 'meant' but that it was *meaningful* as generally experienced by the people who saw it. . . . I am sure that the absence of direct connotative 'meaning' made it all the easier for the spectator to personalize the experience by supplying his own special 'meaning' out of his own experience, while the work itself remained resolutely abstract."

David Kaufman writes from New York.

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POP CULTURE

Summer of the Snake

by Gary S. Vasilash

In "Life-Line," a story by Robert A. Heinlein, a scientist describes a man in the present as a "space-time event." He explains, "Imagine this space-time event which we call Rogers as a long pink worm, continuous through the years, one end at his mother's womb, the other at the grave. It stretches past us here and the cross-section we see appears as a single discrete body. But that is an illusion."

For those of us who made it through the summer of 1987, things may have seemed to be an illusion. The space-time coordinates were out of sync. The feeling was that of reeling back along the "long pink worm," as we snaked back to earlier times on the screen and through the airwaves. One thing is certain: People are longing for a time that is not the present.

Consider what Hollywood offered. There were the two big TV remakes, *The Untouchables* and *Dragnet*, both offering an old-fashioned concern with maintaining order. Dan Aykroyd's Joe Friday is something of a buffoon, but he gets the girl. And as for *The Untouchables*, the main comment must be about its star and new heartthrob, Kevin Costner. His quick smile and normal good looks (the new Gary Cooper?) do not recall Robert Stack so much as Spin and Marty on "The Mickey Mouse Club." It's the same period of history, just a different channel.

Disney, of course, is very much with us, and not simply through the "adult" Touchstone Pictures subsidiary. It brought back *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* for a 50th anniversary run. This time around, the film bought publicity at the new cultural centers that have replaced movie theaters. McDonald's had movie posters available, and the *Today Show* ran several special segments on it. Still, the innocence that we associate with our past was there, and no one would admit that the film has a dated feel about it, even though it does.

And there was that daughter of Disney, Annette Funicello. This time around she was not on TV pushing peanut butter but with Frankie Avalon in *Back to the Beach*. This is not the first contemporary remake of a beach movie. As you may have tried hard to forget, there was an updated *Where the Boys Are* several years ago. What improvements there were in evidence lay not so much in the acting as in the strategy and structural design of bikini-wearing. But while *Where the Boys Are* was largely panned, there was a tacit acceptance of *Back to the Beach*.

One requirement of beach movies is that they include a geek, bozo, nerd, or otherwise uncool person. Pee Wee Herman fills that role, in part, in *Back to the Beach*. Of course, the quintessential outcasts of the 50's and 60's were the Three Stooges. While they never made it into a beach movie (though they did do a science fiction piece), their influence on the summer of '87 was clear. *Disorderlies*, starring a trio of rap singers collectively and accurately known as the Fat Boys, pays contemporary homage—long overdue—to Moe, Larry, and Curly.

Before leaving the beach, we should pay tribute to *North Shore*, a combination of *Ride the Wild Surf* with Fabian and Tab Hunter (1964) and *The Endless Summer* (1966), with the *Karate Kid* thrown in for good measure.

Although the very fact that Timothy Dalton replaced Roger Moore in the role of James Bond was enough to make *The Living Daylights* noticeable in itself, another item loomed nearly as large: 1987 is the 25th anniversary year of Bond on the screen. It is worth noting that with the restraint and respect toward women shown by the new Bond, it's not inconceivable that Snow White could be the next Bond girl.

The biggest musical hit of the summer was *La Bamba*, the unforgettable story of Ritchie Valens. (Who?) *La Bamba*'s success is not a result of the music—Valens was a marginal performer in a minor league—and there could hardly be less to his life story, real or fictionalized. The film really strikes a chord in those of us who grew up reading *Highlights for Children*, the ongoing saga of Goofus and Gallant, to be more specific. Ritchie (Gallant) and his half-brother Bob (Goofus) play that story out to the hilt. And we really can't be surprised when Gallant flies away and becomes an angel, for he was just too darn good for the rest of us.

The summer of '87 was the 20th anniversary of the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, the album that effectively marks the break with hard-edged rock 'n' roll and ushers in the lush orchestration of pop music. Ignore the psychedelic referents, and you can discover the roots of techno-schmaltz.

The Beatles were very much in evidence this summer. There was the release of their early albums on compact disc so that upscale recording buyers can preserve crackling black vinyl memories via digital technology. Then there was the lawsuit against Nike for using "Revolution" to sell sneakers. (Remember the chain of "Running Dog Shoe Stores" in *The Big Chill*, a perfect movie for this summer of love 20 years later?)

The use of The Byrds' "Turn, Turn, Turn" on TV commercials to sell *Time* magazine subscriptions is almost as good as "Revolution" and running

shoes: Imagine Roger McGuinn looking at the free quartz travel alarm clock through his granny glasses and David Crosby stuffing god-knows-what in the *Time* parachute nylon luggage. Mr. McGuinn, you will be happy to learn, has become an evangelical Christian and continues his career under somewhat different auspices.

The biggest reprise of the summer was the 10th anniversary of Elvis' death. One fan said that while she needed surgery, she didn't want to have it scheduled to get in the way of August 14; a pair of married fans boasted that they were planning to make sure that the birth of their child didn't interfere with the yearly pilgrimage to Graceland.

The Grateful Dead—who had their biggest summer ever, including their first MTV video—made the best observation on this "retro worm" summer: "What a long, strange trip it's been."

Gary Vasilash is not awaiting the reunion of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young.

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On 'The Silent Invasion'

Where to begin refuting Wayne Lutton's "The Silent Invasion" article (*Chronicles*, August 1987)? Only a book could cover every point. Let's start with a quote from Thomas Jefferson, who in the Declaration of Independence charged that King George III "had endeavored to prevent the Population of these States; for that Purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their Migration hither." The 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act takes George III's side against Mr. Jefferson and the Declaration signers. I myself just experienced its repressive force. In July I signed aboard *The Orange County Register* to pen editorials. IRCA required me to fill out the INS's new Form I-9, "Employment Eligibility Verification."

I almost didn't fill it out. After all, why should *I* have to prove I'm an American? I was born here. I've always been a citizen. I even served four years in the U.S. Army, defending America against the imposition of just this kind of oppression. Why should I, and every other American applying for a job, be humiliated like a Soviet subject trying to get a job on a collective farm?

Friends of mine have been pulled over in their cars and rudely searched. They hadn't even been to Mexico! They were just driving in once-free California. Why the search? Only to scratch the neo-Know Nothings' paranoid itch. The INS goons thought my friends had Mexicans stashed somewhere. What happened to the Fourth Amendment "right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures?" Congress adjourned it last November by passing IRCA.

IRCA is also taking an economic toll. "For the first time in memory, there are not enough workers to harvest the crop," reported the July 11, 1987, *National Journal* about a California farm. "Bunches of overripe grapes drop to the desert floor and shrivel to raisins. Rotting fruit falls from the trees in nearby citrus groves. And the farmers lay the blame squarely on the new Immigration Reform and Control Act." The article quotes J. Roy Gabriel of the Farm Bureau, who says: "If this continues, there's going to be some severe economic consequences. You'll wipe out an entire industry."

Lutton frets about unemployment as Help Wanted signs sprout up everywhere across America. He worries about overpopulation, but America maintains one of the lowest population densities in the world. I suggest Lutton read not Paul Ehrlich and other "population bomb" paranoids, but Julian Simon and George Gilder.

There is an underlying truth to the immigration "silent invasion" hysteria. Ours is a country people try to get into. In contrast, who wants to emigrate to the Soviet Union or Albania? No one. This is an axiom of modern politics: Free countries attract people, slave countries repel them. Woe to us when no one wants to come to America!

Yet Lutton approvingly writes that Harold Ezell, INS western regional commissioner, "recently authorized the construction of a concrete barrier to help block a five-mile stretch on the border. . . . He has joined the chorus of voices calling for the creation [i.e., construction] of a cleared strip along the border, where nothing could be built." That sounds not like America but like the Berlin Wall.

Immigration does present problems, certainly. But the old solutions still work. Many immigrants don't learn English? Stop bilingual and other stupid programs. Some immigrants soak up welfare and Social Security? Cut them off. Some immigrants are diseased? Quarantine them as we used to at Ellis Island, or deport them.

This nation of immigrants can easily absorb more—nay, it needs immigrants. They've always given America the electric energy European visitors admire. Immigrants also import a healthy dollop of morality, love of family, and love of work, and at a time when we need all three.

At the end of his article Lutton approvingly quotes James Madison: "We welcome every person of good fame that really means to incorporate himself into our country, but repel all who will not be a real addition to the wealth and strength of the United States." Lutton didn't realize it, but Madison is seconding the position of Mr. Jefferson, as stated in the Declaration. Both Founding Fathers welcomed decent immigrants. And today probably 95 percent of those now considered illegal would truly add to our "wealth and strength." Criminals, drug-pushers, disease-carriers—deport them all. Who questions that?

But it violates the tradition of America to treat so shabbily both our own citizens, now subject to unconstitutional INS brutalities, and decent immigrants whose only "crime" is that they work hard at decent jobs, want to become citizens, and love America.

—John Seiler
Santa Ana, CA

I am unhappy with "The Silent Invasion," by Wayne Lutton, in your August issue. Such an article should never have appeared in a magazine which claims to be friendly to Christianity.

The author seems hardly able to control his hatred of immigrants, accusing them of all kinds of things.

Immigrants have been good for America! They have consistently added vitality to our economy and society. Just think of the Asians in our engineering schools—they will be the

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ones who will produce SDI. Many other examples could be cited.

—*Reinhold Stallman*
St. Louis, MO

This country already has the most generous immigration policy in the world, yet there are millions who will not wait to enter legally but sneak across our southern border in the dead of night. It happens, but to a lesser extent, along our northern border. Other thousands come into the country, at other ports, on legitimate visas—business, student, tourist—and somehow just forget to go home when the visa expires. Estimates of the total number of illegals range from about three million to 20 million. Perhaps between 12 and 15 million is more accurate.

What difference does it make? Why not absorb as many as want to come? The consequences can be devastating. No illegal can be checked for health or character background. Ergo, we are beginning to see disease in this country that we either never had before or which had been under control. Leprosy and tuberculosis spring to mind. Leprosy is not a contagion problem. TB is. We also cannot know if those who come in without documents are terrorists, career criminals, candidates for eternal welfare, or just plain hard-working people out to better themselves. When one crosses the border from Tijuana to San Diego at 2 A.M. and is not intercepted by the Border Patrol (as at least half of them are not), there is no way to know if there has been an invasion by someone, or many someones, who would do us great harm.

Last year, along the San Diego sector alone, agents picked up illegals from 67 countries. That's impressive. We here in the San Diego area are finding that increasing numbers come across specifically to commit crimes, ranging from home burglaries to auto theft. During 1986, we had a 17 percent rise in our crime rate, mostly attributed to drugs and illegals. They overlap. We are seeing a great increase in the number of big rigs stolen, from moving vans to semis, for smugglers to use to transport huge numbers of illegals further north and west. The living condition inside these vehicles is appalling. They are often stuffed to the point where there is no room to sit down. The big rigs pick up illegals from drop houses, where illegals may have been living, 100 to a room, for days, awaiting transport. Not all wind up in San Diego or Los Angeles counties. They spread all over the country.

We find that many young illegal men congregate in certain areas, waiting to be hired for day work (paid in cash, no taxes or other deductions), perhaps in an agricultural field, perhaps on construction sites, maybe for gardening. While they are waiting, some of them have been harassing children on their way to school, sometimes to steal their lunch money, sometimes to make sexual overtures. Parents, in self-defense, have begun to drive to school children who formerly walked.

Illegals we are familiar with in this area are mostly unskilled laborers, willing to do almost any kind of work—cheap. Whatever wage they are paid is higher than they could possibly make in Mexico—if they could find work at all. Here, and in many other parts of the country, the construction industry is hard hit. Union members and nonunion workers are shoved out of employment because an illegal will do the same job (whether as well, we don't know) for half the wage. That's good for those who hire them? Maybe, but it is removing from the possibility of entering the middle class enormous numbers of citizens and legal aliens who had had hopes of an upward thrust through their labors. Is that good?

Illegals who overstay visas tend to be professionals who wind up taking jobs from citizens and legal immigrants. It's hard to measure what percentage of unemployment figures can be attributed to this source. But it's white-collar work.

Other issues aside, it offends me that my fellow citizens and those aliens who have done all the right things, waiting for years for legal entry, are being cut out of jobs by those who have such contempt for U.S. law that they bypass all the rules. By U.S. code, the first illegal entry is a misdemeanor, the second and succeeding ones a felony.

Send them all home, you say? Not a bad idea, but there are a few practical considerations. Last year, in its infinite lack of wisdom, Congress passed the new immigration bill and is ready to legitimize millions of law-breakers. When this amnesty period expires, there is little doubt that another will take its place. Some pressure group will see to that, and Congress will again wimp out.

If we were to go after those illegals who have not been amnestied, how would we find them? Illegals tend to melt into ethnic communities, whether Irani or Asian or European or Mexican, and nothing but a door-to-door search would find them. I daresay that would be offensive to most Americans.

In addition, there aren't enough federal agents in the country to do the job, nor will there ever be. Local police are severely restricted in their ability to deal with federal issues, except occasionally to act as backup for a raid.

So how do you pick up several million law-breakers? How do you get them back to their countries of origin? Can you visualize the cost of sending them back by bus, let alone by air? How do you arrest 12 million people?

ACLU types have seen to it, with the active participation of part of the judiciary, that INS and Border Patrol agents can no longer raid an open field or a manufacturing plant, even though 99 percent of the employees are illegals, for all practical purposes. They have always approached these sites with a warrant. Now, the warrant must contain the name, or at least a physical description, of every wanted person. This has effectively handcuffed the agents. Such raids in the past have picked up hundreds on one site. No longer. They are home free.

Institute rigid immigration control? Of course, but how? We do indeed, as a sovereign nation, have every right to decide who may enter and who may not. We, along with our federal employees, are handcuffed.

The federal government has failed us badly, though I daresay they have wallowed in a self-congratulatory orgy of "How wonderful I am." They aren't; we will suffer the consequences all over the country, whether with language problems, employment problems, crime and drug problems, or just growing resentment and divisiveness. Employer sanctions are just

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the beginning. It will take enormous increase in INS and Border Patrol personnel to get this under control. We won't get it.

And lots of luck to all of us.

—*Barbara McCarthy*
San Diego, CA

Wayne Lutton Replies:

Contrary to the view implied by Mr. Seiler's selective quotation, Jefferson and other Founding Fathers did not endorse unlimited immigration. During the Revolution, the Continental Congress established the policy of not employing any but native born citizens in the foreign service of the country. On July 24, 1778, Washington wrote to Gouverneur Morris, "I do most devoutly wish that we had not a single foreigner amongst us, except the Marquis de Lafayette." Concerning immigration, President Washington wrote to John Adams, November 17, 1794, "My opinion with respect to immigration is, that except of useful mechanics and some particular description of men and professions there is no use of encouragement." In a letter to Sir John St. Clair he wrote, "I have no intention to invite immigrants, even if there are no restrictive acts against it. I am opposed to it altogether." Then, in a letter to Patrick Henry, October 9, 1795, he declared, "In a word, I want an *American* character, that the powers of Europe may be convinced that we act for *ourselves* and not for others. This, in my judgment, is the only way to be respected abroad and happy at home."

John Adams held similar views. Writing to Christopher Gadsden, he observed, "Foreign meddlers, as you properly denominate them, have a strange, a mysterious influence in this country. Is there no pride in American bosoms? . . . Americans will find that their own experience will coincide with the experience of all other nations, and foreigners must be received with caution."

Jefferson was opposed to immigration and asserted the right of the states to prohibit and regulate it (cf *Notes on Virginia*, 1782). On one occasion he wrote, "I hope we may find some means in the future of shielding ourselves from foreign influence—political, commercial, or in whatever form attempted. I can scarcely withhold myself from joining in the wish of Silas Dean, that there were an ocean of fire between this and the old world!"

Mr. Seiler paints me an enthusiastic supporter of the 1986 Immigration Reform & Control Act. Nothing I wrote in my article in *Chronicles* or in various other writings, such as in *National Review*, would suggest that. Indeed, I have often expressed serious reservations about the Act, especially with regard for the provision of amnesty for illegal aliens who have thus far managed to evade detection and deportation. Mr. Seiler expresses anguish over having been required to provide some sort of evidence that he is a citizen or legal alien entitled to work here. Yet, the INS Form 9 is less inquisitive than applications for VISA or American Express credit cards and certainly involves less danger of encountering police state actions than one faces from other agencies of the federal bureaucracy, which are seldom the subject of protesting editorials in "conservative" newspapers.

Illegal aliens are not "cheap" labor. What various agriculture interests have been able to do for years is pass the real costs on to the rest of us. What our country does not need more of are unskilled and low-skilled workers, as an article, "The Great Jobs Mismatch" (*U.S. News & World Report*, September 7, 1987, pp. 42-43), points out. We already have hundreds of thousands of home-grown marginally employable, and supporters of promiscuous immigration policies have never explained how a nation that has some six to eight million unemployed can be benefited by the in-migration of people looking for jobs. If it is objected that some of our own unemployed are unwilling to pick California grapes, Mr. Seiler is merely defining another problem—that of matching people to the work that needs doing.

Seiler urges that I read Julian Simon, the University of Maryland business professor who, for some reason, has long been a favorite of the Heritage Foundation. I have long been familiar with his work. Any readers who might be misled into thinking that Simon's views on immigration are based on sound research and analysis are invited to read my review of Simon's tract, *How Do Immigrants Affect Us Economically?* in *National Review* (March 14, 1986, pp. 52-54).

Reports published in the *San Diego Union* and *S.D. Tribune* revealed why various public officials are calling for the creation of a concrete barrier along the border near Otay Mesa: Smugglers carrying aliens and drugs have been routinely plowing across the border in large vans. Securing our nation's borders is a prime responsibility of government, even if questions of sovereignty are of little import to Mr. Seiler.

Nowhere have I called for a total ban on new immigration. But how many immigrants are needed to secure fresh infusions of new ideas? A thousand per year? Ten thousand? Probably no more. And what type of immigrants would best enrich our nation? The unskilled and low skilled? No. We should welcome the talented and highly trained.

In his essay *Sentiment or Survival: Crisis in the Immigration Policy of the United States*, M.E. Bradford writes, "For the first law of every society, even the condition of its gestures of generosity, is that it puts the need of its own members ahead of the needs of outsiders. Such an order of priorities is part of what we mean by the 'social contract.'" I am continually amazed that "conservatives" who want us to spend billions of dollars on the Strategic Defense Initiative and endorse the deployment of our fleet to secure the Middle East oil supply of Europe and Japan do not feel that securing our own borders against what amounts to a foreign invasion likewise merits support.

While we wait for Mr. Seiler to write his book on immigration, readers are invited to read one I coauthored with Palmer Stacy, administrative assistant to the late U.S. Senator John East, *The Immigration Time Bomb* (pb $3 from The American Immigration Control Foundation, Water Street, P.O. Box 525, Monterey, Virginia 24465). AICF has published a number of important monographs on various aspects of our immigration problem, including the above mentioned work by Bradford. They will be pleased to send anyone so requesting a current newsletter and publication list.

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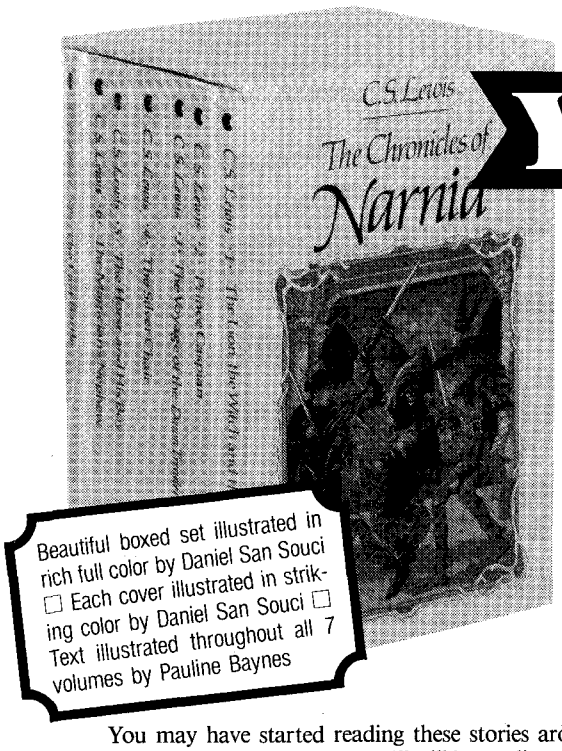

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